

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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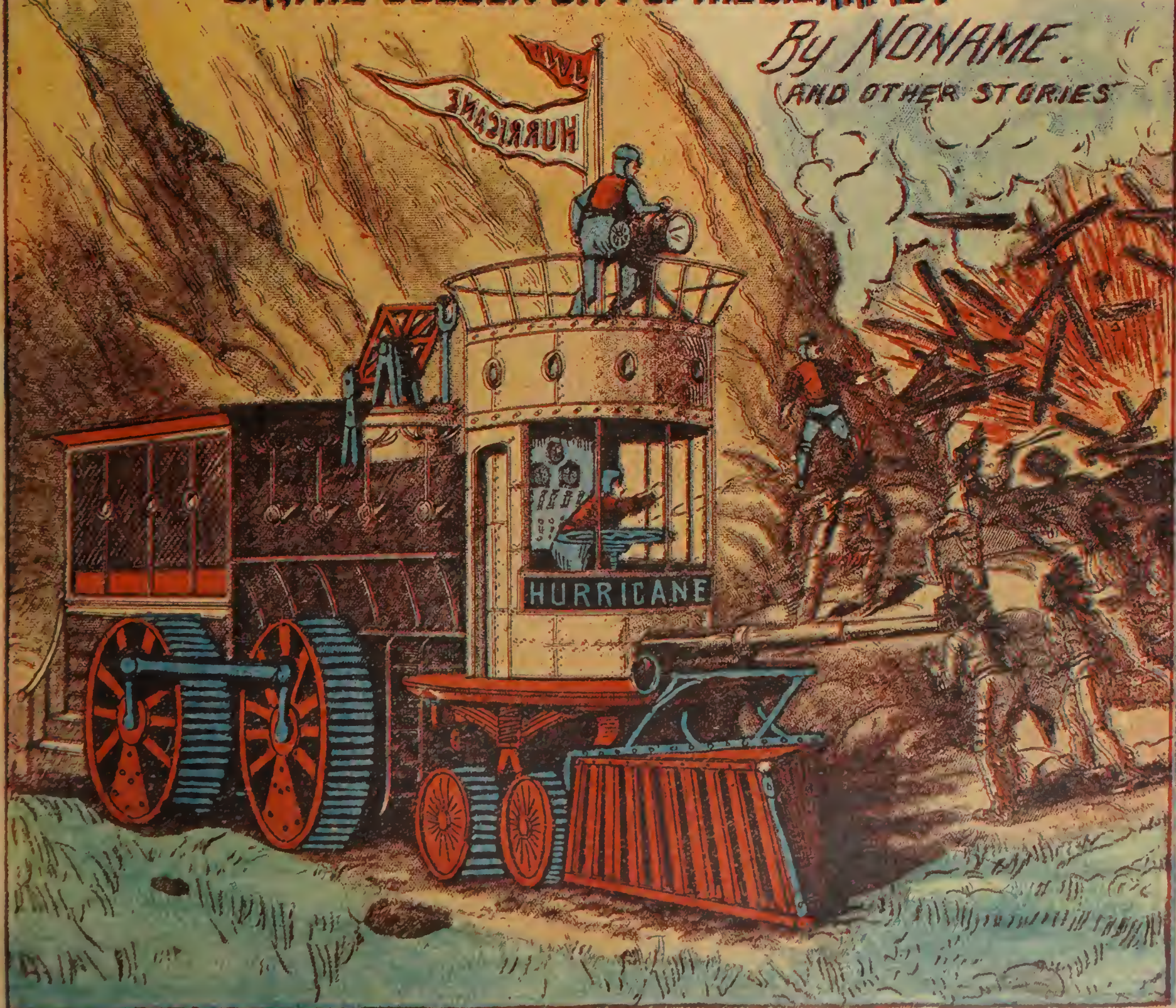
No. 1015.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 11, 1917.

Price SIX Cents.

JACK WRIGHT AND HIS MAGNETIC MOTOR: OR, THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE SIERRAS.

By NONAME.
(AND OTHER STORIES)



The current was sent over the wire. Boom! roared the explosion the next instant. When the cylinder burst it carried the logs up into the air, tore to fragments and killed the Indians near it.

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Jack Wright and His Magnetic Motor

—OR—

THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE SIERRAS

By "NONAME"

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY INVENTOR.

Late in the afternoon of a hot July day the inhabitants of the thriving village of Wrightstown were startled by hearing a rapid succession of pistol shots proceeding from the suburbs, followed by the wild yells of two men and the pounding of many equine hoofs.

The village was situated at the head of a pretty bay on the Atlantic coast, and was made up of fishermen's cottages, private residences, and one main business street lined by stores.

It was named after a celebrated inventor of submarine boats, who had died several years before, and who was succeeded by his son Jack, a fine-looking, dark-complexioned youth of great inventive power, consummate courage, and immense ambition.

The boy resided in a stately mansion on the outskirts of the village, where at the foot of his garden, he had built, on the bank of a pretty creek, a huge workshop, in which he evolved a number of wonderful inventions worked by electricity.

With these strange contrivances, and accompanied by two friends of his who lived with him, named Fritz Schneider and Timothy Topstay, he had gone on many perilous trips, amassing a great fortune.

The boy returned home some time before from a wonderful aerial voyage, and since then had been working upon a most singular-looking motor, operated by magnetism.

Upon the day when our story begins, Jack Wright had finished his strange invention, and gone out for a quiet stroll along a country road to think over the result of his work, when the pistol shots, yells and pounding of hoofs reached his ears.

Aroused from a deep reverie, the boy came to a pause, and glancing up he was amazed to see an immense cloud of dust coming along the road toward him, out of which the startling sounds he had just heard proceeded.

The boy's dark eyes opened with surprise, and he stepped aside, with his glance fixed intently upon the dust cloud, when there began to loom up in its midst, as it drew nearer, a herd of mustangs.

There were fully fifty of the ugly, bony, wiry little beasts, and they were rushing along, pursued by a man mounted upon the back of one of them, his stalwart figure clad in a suit of buckskin, his long, gray hair covered by a wide-brimmed sombrero that shaded his bearded face from the sun, while in one hand he held a long-lashed drover's whip, and in the other a smoking navy revolver.

He was looking back over his shoulders when Jack saw him, and following the direction of his glance the boy observed that three horsemen, in Mexican costumes, were chasing him and firing revolvers as they came thundering along.

"Hello, there! What's the matter?" shouted Jack.

The mustang driver by this time was nearly abreast of the boy, and glancing over at him, with a start of surprise, he roared:

"Thar's three greasers arter my life, pilgrim."

"What for?" questioned Jack, withdrawing a peculiar-looking pneumatic revolver from his hip-pocket.

"Wanter rob me and steal these yere hosses!" came the man's reply.

"I'll stop them in their tracks for you," said Jack, who now saw that the three swarthy fellows in pursuit were Mexicans.

They were very dark, two of them past middle life, wearing beards, and the one in advance having only a mustache on his sullen face.

On swept the drove of mustangs and their owner past Jack, and the boy stepped out into the road and stood fearlessly in front of the oncoming trio of Mexicans.

Aiming his pistol at the foremost horse, Jack pressed the trigger.

No report followed, but there came a howl of the bullet, which was filled with a high explosive, and it struck the Mexican's horse and burst inside of the animal, killing it instantly. Down it fell, first upon its knees, throwing the young Mexican over its head upon the hard road, where he lay for a few moments partially stunned.

The other two horses parted on each side of him, plunged ahead, and ere the young inventor could fire again or move, they came rushing along, side by side, almost upon him.

It seemed as if the two Mexicans designed to trample him down, and there was apparently no escape for Jack Wright, but he coolly measured his ground and remained immovable.

Between the two horses there was just enough room for him to stand and run the chance of escaping the iron-shod hoofs pounding him to death, as they passed on each side of him.

He dropped his pistol, and just as the two horses' heads reached him, he seized a bridle rein in each hand, jerked them together and leaped back.

The two horses, thus steered together, collided, went up on their haunches, pawing the air, their riders yelling like madmen at them, but they fell and dismounted the Mexicans.

With that agile, backward leap Jack had let the two horses shoot past him just before they came together, recovered his pistol, and saw the Mexicans bite the dust.

In an instant the two horses arose, rushed away without their riders, and the pursuit of the plainsman was thus virtually brought to an end.

The wrath of the Mexicans was now diverted from the horse herder and turned upon the young inventor.

Covered with dust, their clothing torn and their faces distorted to the semblance of a demon's, the slim, active fellows scrambled to their feet, raving furiously in Spanish.

With one glance they observed the situation.

Their leader was yet unconscious.

Then they rushed at Jack, each of them drawing a long, gleaming dagger from their red sashes.

"Compadre!" hissed one of them. "This meddler did it, Pepel!"

"I'll murder that accursed whelp for his interference!" raved the other.

"Hold, senores!" cried Jack, ringingly, in Spanish, as he menaced them with his swaying pistol. "If you advance a step you both perish!"

The clear, decisive tones and the cool, undaunted air of the boy plainly showed these men that he would keep his threat.

Instantly they paused.

"He speaks Spanish, Mario!" gasped one.

"And he has the advantage, por mi madre!" answered the other angrily.

"Run as fast as you can!" cried Jack. "Go back the way you came!"

"Caramba! Don't shoot!" yelled Pepe, in affright.

"Por Dios, senior, we will obey you!" screamed Mario.

"Go, then, ere I count three!" said Jack grimly.

The two Mexicans started off, side by side, like deers, and ran so fast that they were soon at a safe distance way along the dusty road ere they vanished among the bushes.

Jack watched them, with his back turned to their leader.

This fellow had recovered, arose and crept toward the boy, with a knife in his hand, intending to stab Jack in the back.

As soon as he got near enough he gave a leap and landed on top of the boy, knocking him down in the road.

Jack's pistol was struck from his hand.

"Maledictions!" the Mexican hissed savagely. "I shall teach you to interfere with Jacinto Velasquez! Take that!"

Down came his knife toward Jack's throat, when suddenly a club-like object struck his arm and knocked the blade spinning.

"Avast, thar!" roared a bluff and hearty voice. "Haul to, yer lubber! I'll take yer abaft o' yer beam, an' dash my figgerhead if yer won't tack back fer port wi' a broken jib-boom!"

Biff! bang! came two resounding blows, after these remarks, as two brawny fists struck out and knocked the Mexican flying off his boy victim.

Jack sprang to his feet and confronted an old sailor of over forty, with a sandy beard, a glass eye and a wooden leg, with which he had kicked the knife from the Mexican's hand.

His ruddy face was aglow, he had a prodigious chew of plug in his big mouth, and he wore the garb of a man-of-war's man, for he had once served on the United States frigate Wabash in the navy with Jack's father, and found great delight in lying furiously about his exploits.

"Tim Topstay!" gasped Jack, in surprise, as he recovered his pistol.

"Ay, ay, lad!" cheerily answered the old salt, saluting his young friend.

"You arrived just in time to save me."

"I reckon as I'm allers on time, my hearty. Ther sack are as I follered in yer wake from the house, an' wi' one sweep o' my weather eye I seen wot that 'ere pirate wuz a-doin'!"

The Mexican arose, shook his fist at Tim, and poured out a vindictive string of blasphemy at him, intermingled with such horrible threats that Jack's blood ran cold.

"Clear out of here!" exclaimed the boy, interrupting the tirade of abuse, to all of which Tim was utterly ignorant. "I have driven your murderous friends away and you will follow them or I swear I shall put you in jail!"

He toyed restlessly with his pistol, and the Mexican moved away.

"I have got you both marked!" he hissed, vindictively, a black scowl crossing his face. "Remember! you have not seen the last of me! I shall never—never forgive the injuries you have done me. When we part your soul will be out of your body—I swear it by all that's holy!"

The rascal had registered an oath he meant to keep.

"Go!" exclaimed Jack, aiming the pistol at him.

The Mexican slunk into the bushes and disappeared.

He had hardly gone when the mustang driver came cantering back to Jack, to lend the boy his assistance.

"B'ars an' catamounts!" he exclaimed. "Whar are they, pilgrim?"

"The Mexicans?" replied the boy. "Oh, they went away—sick."

"Waal, I reckon! Cleared out the pesky varmints, hey?" "Temporarily," replied Jack, with a smile. "Are you hurt?"

"Jist got a skelp wound, pard—'tain't nuthin' ter brag on, though."

He had a handkerchief tied around his head.

Jack saw that he was a Western character.

"How did you get hurt?" he asked.

"Ain't hurt, nohow. It's only a scratch," insisted the mustang driver emphatically. "No greaser kin hurt Apache Bill, pilgrim—'tain't in 'em. When they wuz on my trail, a-firin' arter me, ther wind from one o' thar singin'-pills pushed a smack o' skin offen my eyebrow, that's all."

"You are sensitive about the Mexicans, I see."

"Down in Arizony an' New Mex, whar I cum from, they're kinder got the 'ere idee sot in thar cocoanuts, an' I reckon they ain't mistooked. I never s'pected as Jacinto Velasquez an' his or'nary yaller leftenants wuz a-goin' ter trail me yere from Sonora, but they did it."

"The Mexicans are old enemies of yours, then?"

"Waal, I reckon."

"Any special cause for it?"

"Mebbe thar is. Me an' Velasquez wuz a-playin' ther game o' 'brisca' one night in a gamblin' diggin's, an' I won every doubloon ther cuss had. Then he put up a roll o' parchment, wot wuz wrapped in an Aztec vase, an' bet it ag'in my pile, but I wer that, too, an' he tried ter kill me arterward ter get it back, but I got ther drop on him, put a ball through his ear an' he sneaked away."

"It must have been a valuable parchment?"

"Waal, I reckon! It wuz a full description o' ther Golden City o' ther Sierras, wi' plans o' how ter reach it, which no feller-citizen ever knowed on afore. An' as nobody could git thar without it, why, Velasquez jest broke his pesky heart over a-losin' it."

"What do you mean by the Golden City of the Sierras?" queried Jack.

"Wot! Never hearn tell o' ther Golden City, pilgrim?"

"Never," replied Jack, amused at Apache Bill's evident amazement.

The old fellow ventured a long-drawn whistle, and opened wide his lips.

"Now, thet's wot I calls plum ignorance," said he decisively. "Everybody in Arizony knowed all about it for years past. But I'll tell ye: About a thousand y'ars ago, more o' less, thar wuz a tribe o' people wot went to the Sierra Madre an' began minin' ther gold up thar in ther wilderness. Thar wuz so much on it, b'gum, they built houses o' it an' named ther town ther Golden City. Ther Jesuits got in among 'em, somehow, gained control o' ther mines, an' afore thar expulsion from Mexico they wuz in possession o' near all ther mines in ther country. Then ther Apache Indians came an' killed every one o' 'em off. All traces o' ther mines an' people disappeared fer about fifty thousand y'ars—"

"More or less," interposed Jack.

"Waal, I reckon! Any way, them 'ere two mines, called the Tayopa an' ther Vajuopa, wuz fergot till recent times, when the ancient church records in other Spanish dokymints showed the records o' thar existence some'eres. Hundreds o' expeditions wuz sent out ter find 'em an' ter locate ther Golden City, but they failed ter find 'em on account o' ther bein' located in ther roughest an' most inaccessible parts on 'ther vast Sierra Madre regions."

"And you claim that the Aztec parchment you won fairly from the Mexican contained correct information of how to get this great treasure, and where to go and look for it?"

"O' course, I do. It wuz give ter the Apaches by thar forefathers, an' Velasquez murdered one o' thar medicine men an' hooked it from him. That's how thar greaser got it," answered Apache Bill vehemently.

"If he read the parchment why didn't he try to get the gold?"

"Heavens a-mighty, pilgrim, how could that 'ere greaser read Aztec writin'? He didn't know wot it said, nohow. All as he knowed wuz that ther medicine man had said wot it wuz."

"And you have had the naper translated?"

"Waal, I reckon," assented Apache Bill triumphantly.

"Then you intend to go after the treasure?"

CHAPTER II.

A MINER'S STORY.

The man in buckskin did not have his drove of mustangs with him now, for he had driven them into a fenced-in lot, and he glanced around in quest of the three Mexicans.

"Can't do it alone. How could a feller go up thar in that ere mountaing among them redskins an' cum back alive?"

"I don't see what good the paper would do you or Velasquez, then."

"Don't yer? Now that shows yer ignerence. I do. Wot bring me yere? I tell yer: When I wuz down in Sonora, I hearn tell o' a pilgrim named Jack Wright, wot made a flyin' machine, an' thinks I, that's jist wot I want ter git away wi' this 'ere treasure. So I sells out my minin' claim an' I bought a herd o' mustangs an' bronchos ter sell, an' shipped 'em North. Yestiddy we arruv, an' drove 'em here, ter sell 'em on spec, an' then ter call on Jack Wright, an' buy one o' his flyin' machines, so's ter go arter this treasure."

Jack smiled with amusement.

"You have faith in the parchment, then?" he asked.

"Waal, I reckon. So'd you, if yer read ther paper."

"Suppose Jack Wright won't sell you a flying machine?"

"Then, b'gum, I'll whack 'up with him an' take him along."

"Have you any idea what it costs to build his inventions?"

"Nary a idee, but I've got ten thousan' dollars ter——"

"Ten thousand? Bosh—that's only a flea bite."

"Wot——" gasped Apache Bill, in surprise.

"Jack Wright's inventions cost to build, sometimes, half a million."

"Great howlin' coyote!" gasped the old fellow, astounded.

"But call on him," said Jack encouragingly. "He will be very likely to treat you well, and may go in partnership with you."

Apache Bill breathed a sigh of intense relief.

"Much obleeged, stranger," said he. "Jest as soon's I sell them yere hosses I'll do it. Air ye goin' back to ther settlement?"

"Yes. But you can go ahead. Glad to have met you. We will soon meet again. Let me give you a word of warning—look out for Velasquez and his men. They have sworn vengeance and may try to assassinate you."

"Don't yer bust yer buttons a-worryin' ower me," replied the old miner carelessly. "I ain't no prairie chicken, I ain't, an' I wouldn't want no more fun than makin' giblets out o' them 'ere greasers. So long, pard, an' much obleeged to yer."

He waved his hand, got his mustang in motion, and cantered off to Wrightstown, his big spurs jingling like bells.

When he was gone Jack turned to the old sailor with a smile of amusement and said:

"Come on home, Tim."

"Av. ay, lad!" replied the old sailor, stumping along beside him.

"You seem to be very thoughtful over what he said, Tim."

"Heaven bless 'e, lad, ther yarn he spun took ther wind out o' my sails."

"There was a ring of truth about it, though," said the boy.

"An' if that 'ere parchment log o' hissen gives ther bearin's o' ther golden port, be yer a-goin' ter veer off ter ther Sierras on a cruise o' discovery?" questioned the old sailor.

"That depends upon circumstances," answered Jack, reflectively, as they passed into the town. "If he should prove to me that there is such a vast fortune in it, wouldn't this be a grand opportunity of using my magnetic motor?"

Tim came to a sudden pause.

His solitary eye snapped fire, and he thumped his wooden leg and exclaimed, with a beaming smile:

"Shiver me timbers! but I never thought o' ther Hurricane afore! If thar's any machine in this blessed world as could make that 'ere v'yage successful, it is yer new invention, ther magnetic motor, by thunder!"

They soon reached Jack's magnificent dwelling, and had just passed in at the front door when a tremendous furore reached their ears.

It came from the parlor in the voice of an excited Dutchman.

"Shack! Shack!" he was yelling. "Donner vetter, where you vha, alretty? Dere vhas de tuyfel ter bay!"

The boy rushed into the parlor and beheld a short, pudgy little Dutchman, over twenty, with a fat face, yellow hair, and a stomach like a balloon.

He wore a suit such as he might have had built in his native land, and being of a pugnacious, excitable nature, he had worked himself up into a wild state of agitation.

This individual was Fritz Schneider, a fine electrician, a good cook and a companion and friend of Jack Wright.

The boy saw that Fritz was fearfully excited.

"Stop that row!" cried Jack. "Here I am! What do you want?"

The Dutch boy wheeled around and displayed a face as pale as death.

"Shminky Christmas, such bad luck!" he groaned, seeing Jack.

The young inventor turned a trifle pale, and he asked, hurriedly:

"You have come back from New York with the truth, then?"

"Sure," replied Fritz sadly. "All de banks haf failed where you vhas got your money, efery one of dem. Dere vhas a banic, und all of der beebles in dot city vhas near grazy."

"Then I am nearly ruined!" exclaimed the young inventor. He sank into a chair, overcome by the startling news.

Jack Wright had an immense fortune on deposit in the broken banks, and had sent his friend to the city to verify the rumor he heard of the coming crash.

In one day every dollar Jack possessed had been swept away, leaving him nothing but some real estate in Wrightstown.

CHAPTER III.

THE HURRICANE.

The character of Jack Wright was one which did not give way long to the pangs of adversity.

He soon recovered his composure, and arose to his feet.

"I am almost penniless boys!" he exclaimed, "but all my regrets won't bring back the fortune I have lost."

Tears filled the eyes of his friends when they saw with what great fortitude the brave boy bore up under his affliction.

They each grasped his hand.

"I ain't lost a cent, my lad," said Tim. "All I have is yourn!"

"Und me, neider!" said Fritz, with a sniff. "Efery tollar ve haf vhas got troo you, Shack, und I don't vant none of it now."

They were both eager to turn their fortunes over to the boy, and their fidelity touched Jack's heart.

"You are both generous friends," he replied emotionally, "and I shall never forget this kindness, but I won't touch your money."

"Yes, yer will!"

"Yer got ter taken mine!"

"Not a penny!"

"An' why not, lad?"

"I von't take no for an answer."

"See here," said the boy indignantly; "what do you take me for?"

"We don't offer it to insult yer, lad," Tim hastened to say.

"To because not!" added Fritz emphatically. "Ve don't vant it."

"It's no use urging," said Jack. "Listen to me. I've got the prospect of winning another fortune if Apache Bill comes to see me. I'll retrieve my losses by accepting his offer and go off with him in the Hurricane to Mexico, after the Golden City of the Sierras. When I come back I'll be as well off as ever. That will fix it for me."

"An' ain't we a-goin'?" asked Tim.

"To be sure—if you wish to."

"Vell, I should laugh!" said Fritz jocularly.

Just then a little red monkey named Whiskers, which Tim had once captured in Africa, came flying into the room, yelling like a fiend, with a big, green parrot perched on his back.

The bird was Fritz's pet, and he called it Bismarck.

It had its sharp beak fastened on the monkey's neck, and was trying to bore a hole in his wind-pipe out of spite, for the monkey had mischievously pulled all the feathers out of his tail.

Tim and Fritz had no sooner seen the fight going on when they made a rush to separate their pets, and both made a grab together with such violence that their heads bumped with a resounding whack as they stooped over, and they were knocked sprawling.

"Holy Neptune!" roared the old sailor, rubbing his head, and glaring balefully at the Dutch boy. "What are yer a-doin'?"

"By Shorge, you vhas proke mine het!" bellowed Fritz, flying into a passion and returning Tim's glare.

The monkey and parrot fled and left their masters to quarrel it out between them, and Jack left the room, laughing.

"It's your fault, yer pot-bellied gorilla!" raved Tim angrily.

"No, she vhasn'd!" snarled Fritz. "Yer oughter kept yer fingers by yourself, alretty, un den yer don't vhas got me by droubbles."

"Avast, thar, now, or I'll wipe up ther floor with yer!" said Tim, and making a dab at the Dutch boy's nose, he caught hold of it, gave it a twist, and scrambled upon his good leg.

Fritz gave a whoop as the old sailor pulled him up on his feet, and giving Tim a kick on the shin, he knocked the ancient mariner's good leg from beneath him.

Down went Tim, with a bang on all fours, when the Dutch boy gave him a sternward kick that sent the old sailor skating across the room on his face, yelling murder.

Fritz then bolted for the door, but he did not have time to get out in the hall before Tim heaved a music rack at him, full force, and it caught the Dutch boy over the head.

Over went the fugitive with a crash, and before he could arise Tim came out and pounced upon him, whereupon a terrific struggle ensued, which only terminated when they were both used up.

When they joined Jack at the supper table, half an hour afterward, they both looked as if they had been put through a threshing machine.

They found Jack questioning a servant who had been in the street.

"You saw the sale of mustangs?" the boy was asking.

"I did, sir," was the servant's reply.

"And how did they go?"

"Every one of them is sold now."

"Good for Apache Bill! Did they go cheap?"

"Very."

"That will do."

The menial bowed and withdrew.

"You fellows must have had a house fall on you," said Jack, with a broad grin, as his two battered-up friends met his view.

"Heavens!" said Tim, affecting indifference, "this ain't nuthin'. I remember when I wuz aboard o' the frigate Wabash——"

"Shestnuts!" interrupted Fritz.

"Belay, thar!" roared Tim, fixing his glittering eye upon the Dutch boy, with a vengeful glare. "As I wuz obsarvin', it wuz durin' ther late war, an' I wuz captured, tied up in a bag an' taken aboard o' the enemy's ship an' stowed in ther hold. They sot sail, an' durin' ther night a squall struck us. I runned up ter ther captin', and ses I——"

"How could you if you was down in the hold tied up in a bag?" asked Jack, demurely, as he went on eating.

Tim flushed and grumbled something about people not believing his yarns, and Fritz laughed till he choked.

It looked as if there would be a wordy war again between them, but Jack interrupted it by asking:

"Are you both at leisure for this evening?"

"Aye, aye!" said Tim.

"Yah!" was the reply of Fritz. "For vhy?"

"As soon as I finish supper I am going out with my new invention, to try it, and would like to have you go along," said the boy. "Every one in the village knows about its completion, as the local paper to-day had a full account of it, and know that I am going to give an exhibition trial of it as I usually have done with my past inventions."

Tim and Fritz expressed their delight at the proposition, and as soon as supper was finished they put on their hats, went out into the back yard and entered the workshop.

It was just at dusk, and the place being furnished with an electric light plant, Jack turned it on, illuminating the huge room.

In the midst of the apartment stood the Hurricane.

She was about forty feet long, built of aluminum, her running gear resembling the powerful machinery of a locomotive, the wheels being big, broad and cogged; there was a sort of cowcatcher in front, and above it stood a pneumatic gun of Jack's invention.

The turret or pilot-house back of the gun had a railed platform and searchlight on top, a wheel steering the front gear inside, besides various instruments hung on the wall for indicating speed, power and so on.

Two doors at the sides led out on platforms that ran to the

compartments at the rear, and a door from the pilot-house led into a sleeping-chamber, adjoining which was a cook's galley.

Beneath the floor of these two rooms was an enormous electro-magnetic machine, which worked a walking-beam on top of the rooms, which in turn operated the driving-wheels.

Along the roof on each side of the walking-beam were two upright posts on each side, with cross-bars at the tops, on the ends of which a number of horseshoe magnets were fastened, to be operated to increase the speed of the motor of it became necessary.

The walls of these two rooms were pierced by circular windows, and hung from racks were crossed axes, scaling-ladders, ropes and other useful articles.

The rear compartment was a finely woven wire cage, transparent but bullet-proof, pierced by three protected windows on each side, and having a door and steps for entering at the end.

This place was fitted up with arms and ammunition of all kinds, such as Jack Wright invented and designed to use, besides containing many other things, the use and kind of which will be explained as we proceed with our story.

This cage was used as a dining-room, and the entire machine was illuminated by electric lights furnished by a magnetic battery.

The three friends boarded the motor, and entered the pilot-house, where Jack assumed control of the wheel.

In front of the boy stood a table on which were several levers, connected by wires with the electro-magnetic machine, for controlling all parts of the singular motor.

The boy turned one of them, when the insulation of the armatures was removed, the magnetic armatures oscillating and out of the shop ran the motor through the open door.

They passed along a path as lightly and noiselessly as a buggy; a man opened the street gate and she ran out on the road.

Up on the turret ran Fritz, and he sent two flags fluttering aloft on the portable pole, while Tim went out on the side platform with a flag in his hand.

Jack remained at the wheel, steering, watching his gauges and indicators, and peering ahead.

By this time it had grown quite dark, and the young inventor turned on the searchlight and the incandescent lamps.

In a halo of silvery fire the motor ran into the main street. Thousands of people had turned out to see the wonder, and a great cheer pealed from their throats when the Hurricane appeared, to which Jack's friends responded by waving their flags.

CHAPTER IV.

TRIAL OF THE MOTOR.

Away ran the motor through the streets, loudly cheered by the people, and when she had passed through Wrightstown the boy inventor left the wheel in Tim's hands and went into the stateroom.

Lifting the portable floor he closely watched the operation of the machinery.

It was worked by an enormous electro-magnet, consisting of a round bar of soft iron, bent into the horseshoe form, with an insulated wire coiled around its extremities.

Alongside of it were a number of cells of an electric battery connected with the magnet, a current flowing from it into the binding wire.

As soon as this current passed through the coil the soft iron bar became magnetic, and attracted the armature of steel with a sharp click.

When the current stopped the magnetic power disappeared and a powerful spring recoiled the armature.

The theory of the machine was to make and break the current alternately, to keep the armature swaying back and forth, and as the armature's movement operated the walking-beam, the walking-beam was thus enabled to revolve the driving wheels by its eccentric shaft.

The rest of the machinery, working somewhat like that of a locomotive without valves or piston rods was very complicated, and the wheels were on such flexible yet strong springs that scarcely any jolting was felt on the roughest road.

Everything was working like clock-work, the bearings being self-lubricating, and Jack was thoroughly satisfied.

He returned to the pilot-house presently and relieved Tim.

"She works like a charm!" he remarked, delightedly. "Powerful machines of this kind have often before been made with a view to supplant the steam engine; but such attempts both in regard to economy and constancy have hitherto proved utter failures. I am the first one to solve this great problem, Tim."

"Aye, now, and see ther speed as she's a-makin'—forty knots on a rough road, an' only half power on, my lad," said the old sailor, pointing up at the needle of one of the indicators.

"I expect her to make ninety miles an hour."

"Wot are this here lever fer?"

"That's the brake. Watch me stop her."

The motor was rushing along very fast, and the boy turned the lever when the air brakes were put on, the wheels were clamped and he shut off power by turning another lever.

Instantly the motor came to a pause.

The stoppage was so sudden, going at such a high rate of speed that the machine, bounced a few feet in the air and Tim was flung to the floor with a thud.

The Hurricane was started again, and giving the wheel a turn with the greatest of ease, Jack spun the motor around within her own length.

Reversing the engine, the boy drove her along backward just as easily as she went forward, and when this was reversed again, he sent her off the road over the grass among the bushes, over rocks, stones, fallen trees and through dense bushes.

She rattled and shook now, of course, but she cleared every obstruction without sticking at anything, ripped a broad path through everything in her way with the cow-catcher, and finally ran back on the road again.

Her searchlight revealed, as if daylight inside radiated for a mile ahead, and the incandescent lights inside radiated a mellow glow out through the windows, illuminating the path on each side for a long distance.

Fritz came down by a ladder from the turret and joined Jack.

"She vhas vent petter as anything you vhas effer yet in-vented!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Shiminey! Dot vhas a race horse vonct!"

"Wait," said Jack; "you haven't seen her full speed yet."

He turned the Hurricane homeward.

Then he put on full speed.

Away she dashed, like a locomotive.

It fairly made Tim's brain swim.

"Shiver me, lad, but it's a regular lightnin' express!" he gasped.

"You'll think so in a moment!" said the boy.

He turned another lever.

Instantly the magnets on the roof began to spin around at such speed that a shriek arose from them.

There were armatures fastened loosely before them, and they were chasing these vibrating pieces of steel, but never could catch them.

The Hurricane's speed increased.

Jack glanced up at a gauge on the wall.

"She is making one hundred miles an hour!" he exclaimed.

Everything along the roadway looked like a blur, they went shooting by so rapidly, and the boy had to close the windows of the pilot-house to keep out the fearful draught.

Along flew the Hurricane like lightning, when suddenly there came a crash and a yell, the cowcatcher having struck a carriage, and away in the air flew the smashed vehicle, the wounded horse and two men who were in the rig.

An ejaculation of alarm pealed from Jack's lips.

He shut off power and put on the brakes.

In a few moments the motor came to a pause.

He turned her around and ran back to the spot where the accident had occurred and heard the two men groaning.

They lay in the bushes at the roadside.

Their buggy was all smashed to pieces, and their horse was dead.

Jack operated the searchlight by a lever.

Turning its powerful glare upon the two men, he saw that their clothing was torn, they were covered with dirt and cuts, and were both crawling back to the road.

"Why, they are the two Mexicans!" said Jack, upon recognizing them.

"An' they ain't even maimed!" exclaimed Tim, disappointedly.

The Mexicans now reached the road

Catching sight of the Hurricane, they gave a yell and ran away, showing plainly that they were not seriously hurt. "Hoop-la!" yelled Fritz. "Looker dem. Dey don't vhas hurted alretty."

"I wonder what they were doing with the buggy?" muttered Jack.

"Why, it's a hired rig," said Tim. "I've seed it afore."

"The carriage is smashed and the horse was killed. Those two rascals had a narrow escape with their lives!" said Jack.

"Listen!" interposed Fritz, holding up his hand. "Vot's dot?"

"A cry for help!" exclaimed the boy.

"True, lad; an' it's a man a-hailin'!" observed Tim.

They listened intently and faintly heard a distant voice screaming:

"Help! Help!"

The sound came from the direction of the town.

Our friends glanced at each other in startled amazement.

"Some one in distress!" ejaculated the young inventor.

"Le's go back an' see wot's ther matter," suggested Tim.

Jack nodded and started the Hurricane.

Away she rushed, buried in a cloud of dust, keeping along the country road and heading for a woods through which it ran, on the outskirts of Wrightstown.

In a few minutes she reached the trees.

The cries they heard came from among them on the right-hand side, and Jack flung the searchlight among the foliage, when a thrilling sight met their view.

In the woods were two men struggling.

One of them Jack recognized as Apache Bill, and the other one was the Mexican, Jacinto Velasquez.

The plainsman was unarmed, but the Mexican clutched a knife in his sinuous fingers.

He was endeavoring to plunge it into the old plainsman, but Bill had grasped his wrist with one hand and his throat with the other, and thus held him at bay.

They struggled this way for a moment, when by a sudden twist the Mexican bent his victim over with his knee, and swearing at him in Spanish, stabbed him in the bosom.

"Murder!" shrieked the poor fellow, falling with a crash among the dead leaves and twigs, with the Mexican on top of him.

"Hush!" hissed Velasquez, furiously. "You will bring people here. Now, will you give me your money and the Aztec parchment?"

"Never!" gasped Apache Bill, wildly.

"Then I'll tear it from you by force!" the Mexican hissed. He thrust his hand into the bosom of his victim's jacket and pulled out a well-filled purse containing all Apache Bill's money.

"Thief! You've killed me!" groaned the old man, faintly.

"The paper! The paper! Give me the paper!"

"Not till I'm dead!"

As Bill spoke, he drew the parchment from his pocket.

The Mexican tried to tear it from his hand, but just then Jack turned the searchlight upon them and the Mexican recoiled, uttering a shout of alarm, and saw our friend.

Down from the motor sprang the boy, and, reaching the Mexican, dealt him a violent blow between the eyes with his clenched fist.

"Let go that paper!" the boy shouted.

"Jack Wright!" gasped the dying man.

"Have no fear—"

"I'm done for, an' a-dyin'!"

"No, no!"

"Take this paper. I give it ter you, an' you can git the—"

But ere he could finish speaking the death rattle sounded in the poor old plainsman's throat, and he stiffened out—a corpse.

He had placed the paper in Jack's hand.

"Vengeance on his murderer!" exclaimed the boy, turning around. But the Mexican had disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT THE PARCHMENT SAID.

The tragedy filled Jack with intense horror, for upon glancing down upon Apache Bill, he saw that the stranger was dead.

He then glanced mechanically at the parchment the plainsman had given him, and saw that it was covered with strange-looking hieroglyphics, to which was appended a piece of paper closely written over.

Fritz came running up to the boy, panting and fuming.

"Who's der matter?" he asked.

"Apache Bill is murdered!" the boy replied.

"Dot Mexico vhas done it?"

"Ay, and he has made his escape."

"Och, vhy his prains yer didn'd plo' off?"

"I didn't have a chance. He robbed the corpse, too."

"How much he taken oudt?"

"Over ten thousand dollars, I imagine, as the plainsman told me he had that amount, and by the sale of his mustangs must have increased the sum considerably."

"Shingonettys!" gasped Fritz, in amazement. "He vhas got some friend or vifes, or children, or don'd yer know dot?"

"Judging by his conversation he must have been all alone in the world, poor fellow," replied the young inventor, sadly.

"How in dunder he vhas gotten by dese voods all alone?"

"Seeing me go by in the Hurricane, he very likely followed it to meet me and speak about his intended trip to the Sierra Madre. I have no doubt but that Velasquez and his friend followed him in the buggy we smashed, and the Mexican attacked him in the woods for the purpose of robbery."

Jack's theory of the affair seemed likely enough, and as they could get no better explanation just then they had to accept this view of the matter and be satisfied.

"Vat yer got by yer handt?" queried Fritz, pointing at the roll of parchment.

"The description of the Golden City of the Sierras. Velasquez was trying to rob him of it. I interfered in time to frustrate him. With his dying breath Apache Bill gave me the paper and told me to get the treasure. The secret belongs rightfully to me now."

"Dot vhas goot!" said Fritz, greatly satisfied. "But vot ve do now?"

"Carry this corpse to the morgue, apprise the police of what has occurred, and go home again. What a melancholy ending of our trial trip of the motor, Fritz!"

"I tink so, neider!" assented the Dutch boy gravely.

They lifted up the body between them and put it on the motor.

Jack then started the Hurricane back for Wrightstown, while Tim covered the body with a blanket.

The old sailor was put into possession of the facts.

Upon returning to the town they found the crowd awaiting the return of the motor, and our friends were received with the most intense applause, none of the spectators imagining what a grewsome burden the Hurricane was carrying.

Jack called a policeman aboard and then steered for the town hall, where he left the body and narrated what happened.

Officers were at once detailed to hunt down the assassin and his two confederates; the authorities of neighboring towns were apprised by telegraph to keep a lookout for the Mexicans, and the news spread like wildfire among the villagers.

Jack and his friends then returned home with the magnetic motor, and having put the machine back in the shop they repaired to the house.

Once in the privacy of the boy's beautiful library, they sat down around the table and the parchment was spread out for examination.

It was a long, narrow scroll, made from the pulp of some kind of fibrous wood, and was as yellow as saffron.

Upon it were a number of faded symbols, delineated apparently with a quill pen, the ink very likely made of the staining juice of some tropical berry, faded and blurred, and entirely obliterated in some places. At the bottom were drawings.

Pinned to the curious-looking scroll was a sheet of foolscap paper, upon which an English translation of the parchment was written.

Jack closely scrutinized them a moment, and then said: "Poor Apache Bill did not lie to us, boys; this paper seems to contain all he claimed."

"Read it to us, lad," said Tim. "I'm mighty curious about it, I am."

"Sure," added Fritz, lighting his pipe. "Go on vonct; I vhas retty."

The boy nodded.

He then read the translation as follows:

"THE LAST MAN.

"All wordly shapes shall melt in gloom and the sun itself must die before I, the last mortal, shall assume my immortality. * * *

"I saw a vision in my slumbers, which gave my spirit strength to sweep down the gulf of time, for I thought myself as the last of human mold, beheld by creations death, and thus I mourn. * * *

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare, the earth with age was wan, the skeletons of nations lay around me in my lonely watch on top of the mother mountain, looking over the valley of caverns below.

"Prophet-like, I lonely stood, thinking this spirit of mine shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark, and live again and shine in bliss, recalled by Him, who captive led captivity, took the sting from death and robbed the devil of triumphs. * * *

"I was the last of the Tarahumari race, oh sun! the native tribes had done away with all my kindred, but nature held me up, on the awful waste of mountains, to drink the last and bitter cup of grief to the dregs.

"Oh, sun, go tell the night to hide thy face, thou sawest the last of man on earth's sepulchral clod, viewing the end of his people's domain, now laid in ruins by the quaking of the earth, and the hand of man defy the darkening universe, then—I can look no more on the ruins. * * * 'Tis a sad sight stretching below the cliff on which I stand—a vast plateau, the walls of the surrounding precipices gaping cavern fissures, behind which lie the golden city of the mother mountain, where dwelt my people, and in the centre of the plain rise columns and temples, raised to the sun god. * * *

"In the cliffs, burrowing like moles, went the Jesuits in hunt for the golden ore, forming tunnels, galleries, pits and grottoes, until at last the Vajuopa and Tayopa mines were like unto a honey-comb, and still exhaustless. * * *

"The redmen came and drove them away; the quaking of the earth followed, and the plateau sunk, and now it lies below me full five hundred feet, and inaccessible to all but the savages, one of whom I followed at the close of this day.

"The sun had just sunk, and we put thee at our backs and followed the gloomy gorge till it was crossed by a yawning chasm.

"Here the sly redman entered an arm of the gorge, which made a circle, and came out in the main ravine again, to where it seemed that the chasm was not to be crossed by wingless mortal.

"He led me on to the valley and I found myself within its precincts, where the savages swarmed thickest, and then I retreated again.

"Let me commit this to papyrus—let it be said that I am the last of my race—that I viewed the fallen splendor of our once happy tribe, the extermination of the white man, the preservation of our wealth and the desolation of our homes. Oh, I can mourn——"

The writing abruptly ended here.

Jack sat pondering a moment.

Then he glanced at the diagrams at the bottom of the scroll.

It was plain to be seen that they represented a mountain, on the western side of which there was a wide gorge crossed by a chasm, the side passage being clearly marked and the continuation of the ravine going up to near the top of the mountain.

Here a circular basin of great extent was depicted, and two openings in the walls with the names showed that the two lost gold mines were located there, while in the middle of the plateau stood the rude likenesses of buildings.

The style of composition showed plainly enough that one of the original natives who began the place, a man of intelligence, as his writing showed, had survived a massacre.

Sad and lonely he had returned to find that the white Jesuits, who had wrested the city from his tribe, had in turn been driven out by the Apaches, Nunis or Moquis, who then held possession of the sunken valley, for which so many treasure hunters had explored.

No doubt a treasure worth millions lay buried in the Sierra Madre, which Jack had only to fight for to get.

"What do you think of it?" he asked his friends.

"I tink dot vhas a chenuine baber," said Fritz.

"An' so do I, Jack," added Tim.

"I also have faith in it," said the boy. "Of course, the treasure may not be there now. Still it's worth trying for. We have gone a greater distance with less information and succeeded—on our last trip to India—so why shouldn't this prove genuine?"

"You vhas got ter make annuder fortunes, anyway," said Fritz.

"True. And the Hurricane is just the kind of machine we need for this excursion," said the boy. "The field promises us scope for plenty of fun, adventure and a rich reward."

"Ay—then we'll go in sarch o' ther Golden City o' ther Sierras."

"Und I vhas in id also," said Fritz, enthusiastically.

"That settles it, then—we will go," said Jack.

"Vhen?"

"Next week."

"Ay, ay, lad!"

"Then let us begin fitting the motor out as speedily as possible for the trip," said Jack, briskly.

CHAPTER VI.

PELEG HOPKINS.

Although the authorities made a diligent search for Jacinto Velasquez and his two accomplices, Pepe and Mario, they found no trace of the murderer and his friends.

The Mexicans had made good their escape from the scene of their crimes, effectually baffling the police authorities.

During the ensuing week Jack and his friends busied themselves taking the Hurricane apart, packing it in a dozen large cases, as it was portable, and preparing themselves with such equipments as would be necessary for their trip.

Before their arrangements were all completed the boy met the captain of the police and the sheriff in the street.

"You are making preparations to go away, I see?" said the latter.

"I depart for Mexico next Saturday with my friends," replied Jack.

"Going to take the magnetic motor?"

"Of course. The traveling is too inconvenient to ride it there from here."

"Well, I wish you luck, Wright."

"If you empower me with a warrant of arrest," said Jack, "I will keep my eyes open for Velasquez and his two friends, who may have returned to Mexico, and they may fall into my hands. I can make them prisoners, extradite them and send them here to pay the penalty of their crimes."

"Nothing would please me better."

The boy left the officers, and within an hour had the necessary papers at his house.

On the following day there came a furious ring at the door-bell, and Jack, happening to be near, answered the summons himself.

Upon the threshold stood a tall, thin individual, clad in a suit of black, a stove-pipe hat and big choker collar.

He had a long, red nose, a smooth, thin face, and long hair, parted stiffly in back, lending him a grim appearance.

He flourished an umbrella in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, made a sweeping bow and exclaimed:

"Flunkey, be kind enough to admit me to the presence of your master, to whom you may announce Peleg Hopkins, Ph.D., and Piscatorial Expert of the American Fish Commission, Fellow of the Yankee Geographical Society, and Brother of the B. U. M. Fossil Association of—"

"By Jove! it's the professor!" exclaimed Jack, delightedly.

The caller was an old friend, who lived in New York.

He had accompanied Jack on former trips he had made in his strange inventions, and had not recognized the young inventor.

Drawing nearer to the boy he bent over and peered in his face.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "I must be getting near-sighted; but, 'pon my word, I'm not much over forty-five. Jack, my Christian friend, I salute you. Let me feel your hand, dear boy!"

They went inside and Tim and Fritz were warmly greeted.

"Och, heafen!" said the Dutch boy, "I vhas shust got mysel' in' Dug dot you vhas a angel alrethv. herfesser."

und here yer vhas alive and shumpin', ain'd id? How yer vhas, I hope?"

"My good friend," benignly replied Hopkins, "I am one of those singularly tough old roosters whom the wear and tear of time find hard to impress. Gay as a chipmunk, I assure you, and as spry as a dancing master. What's the news, pray tell?"

"I reckon as we're gittin' our shore hawsers hove free, perfesser," answered Tim, taking a copious chew of navy plug and giving a hitch at his pants. "We're under orders ter tack off ter ther southard by south-southwest aboard o' ther Hurricane a Saturday."

"What! Bless my stars! Going on a cruise?"

"Overland," interposed Jack.

"How?" queried Hopkins, with a perplexed look.

Jack rapidly explained.

The professor looked disappointed.

"I came up to spend a month with you," announced he, in glum tones, "and now you are going away. Really, my esteemed friends, you could knock me down with a straw."

"What's the matter with you going with us?" asked Jack.

"Can I? Can I? I pledge my word I'd be delighted to go."

"Then you are one of us."

"Actually I feel like cheering, I'm so delighted."

"You can get ready in time, can't you?"

"I'm ready now, dear boy."

"That settles it. Do you know anything about Mexico?"

"Well, now, there's a question to put to a man who has spent nearly two years traveling through the Sierras."

"So—then you have been there before?" eagerly asked Jack.

"As the agent of the American National Bug and Worm Society," proudly answered the old antiquarian. "Look upon me, friends. In Peleg Hopkins you see an old traveler and mountain trotter. Put your expedition under my guidance and I'll guarantee you a safe journey; go alone, and when you come back you'll be bald-headed and your scalps will adorn the wampum belt or buffalo teepee of some forest brave of the Apaches, whose language I speak."

Jack saw that they would have a most valuable acquisition in the eccentric professor, and felt glad he came.

Over their supper that night they gave him all the details, and as he was perfectly familiar with the country they were going to, they spent a pleasant evening discussing the matter.

Jack had been in correspondence with the Secretary of State, and that gentleman had done everything to open the way for his trip through Mexico, so that he and his friends were sure of a cordial reception by President Diaz when they arrived there.

Through the courtesy of the Mexican president, the boy was granted free passage through the custom house for his baggage and supplies; he was given the privilege of a military escort whenever it might be needed, and he was furnished with numerous letters of recommendation to prominent people to render him any needful assistance.

The professor's main object was to make ethnological and archaeological researches, as the unexplored region was a rich field for prehistoric fossils as well as for mineralogy, botany and zoology.

The region they intended to visit was the favorite haunt of the Apache Indians, who had for two centuries been actual masters of all that district, devastating the valleys at the foot of the Sierra Madre, both to the west and east sides.

The Mexicans never entered Sierra Madre, the Indians parleying them and holding the neighboring pueblos in abject subjection.

In many places crosses on stoneheaps mark the sites where the victims of Apache massacres lie buried, and the Mexicans hated the savages so cordially they shot them on sight.

There is a reservation in San Carlos, Arizona, from which the Apaches are continually breaking away to ravage the surrounding country.

It was likely that the remains of the primitive tribe of Tarahumari might yet be found living in caves and cliff-dwellings—that tribe to which the man evidently belonged who wrote the parchment.

The vast mountain district was difficult of approach.

It would take eight days on foot to climb its highest ridges, and it teemed with extensive pine forests filled with deer, bears, huge woodpeckers, able to cut down trees, and many ravenous birds and beasts and savages who hated

white men like poison. Yet in the midst of all these obstacles there lay a vast and dazzling treasure which Jack was bound to get.

He was undaunted by the peril of the undertaking; in fact, he looked forward to the hazardous adventures with a keen feeling of delight.

The day of departure came at last.

They had shipped the dissected motor by rail to Arizona, and armed with a gripsack apiece, amid the farewells of the entire population of Wrightstown, they boarded a train and were carried away on their long trip, taking Whiskers and Bismarck with them.

Their route carried them to St. Louis, from whence they went on to Santa Fe, and thence down through New Mexico to El Paso on the frontier.

Here their cases were awaiting them, and the motor was reconstructed, the professor taking charge of the photographic apparatus, the anthropometric, meteorological and geodetic instruments, assaying outfit, spirit cans and other apparatus.

In two days everything was in readiness for departure on the plain outside of the town, and Jack, Tim and Fritz were aboard of the Hurricane, waiting for Hopkins.

The professor had remained behind in El Paso to make a few purchases and had promised to join them at eight o'clock, but it was after that hour now, and Jack became uneasy.

"What can be keeping him so long, I wonder?" he muttered.

"Here he comes now," said Tim, pointing back toward the town.

The professor was running at the top of his speed, and they hardly had time to see him when out of El Paso dashed three horsemen in hot pursuit of him.

The bright moonlight streamed down upon their gorgeous Mexican costumes, and showed their faces plainly, and Jack gasped:

"By heavens, they are Jacinto Velasquez and his two friends!"

Just then the professor tripped and fell.

Up to him dashed Velasquez, and the unlucky professor was dealt a blow that rendered him senseless, whereupon the Mexican lifted him up on the saddle before him, and the three dashed away.

"Holy Moses!" gasped Fritz, excitedly. "Dey vhas got Hopkins a brisoner!"

"An' may kill him ter spite us!" groaned Tim.

"Never! if I can overhaul them with the Hurricane!" cried Jack.

He turned a lever, grasped the wheel, and away rushed the motor over the grassy plain in pursuit of the three horsemen.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE PUEBLO.

The Mexicans were mounted upon remarkably fine horses, and sped away to the northwest like the wind.

They had half a mile the start of Jack, and were urging their fiery steeds along at the top of their speed, for they had seen the motor and anticipated pursuit.

Away they went like the wind, the motor flying after them as they made for a distant mass of rocks amid which there clustered a small pueblo or village.

Jack was amazed to see them there.

"They must have come down from New York State the same way we did," said the boy, "and landing in El Paso, I suppose they saw us there, and have been scheming to get one of our number in their power."

"I tink so, neider," said Fritz, "und she looks by me as if dey vhas succeeded alretty somedimes mit dot berfesser, ain't id?"

"D'ye think as they've killed poor Hopkins?" queried Tim, anxiously.

"No," replied Jack. "I've been looking at him through my glass, and I saw that he is only senseless. See—we are gaining on the rascals fast, and they see it, too. Arm yourselves!"

Tim and Fritz rushed back into the cage, and procuring a couple of the pneumatic rifles from the racks there they went out upon the platform.

Faster and faster the flying motor, bore down upon the

fugitive Mexicans, until the rascals were within fifty yards of the pueblo among the rocks.

"Once they get among those houses," exclaimed Jack, "we may never rescue Hopkins alive. Fire on them, boys!"

Up went the rifles to their shoulders, and the old sailor and the Dutch boy began to fire.

No sound save the thud of escaping air left the weapons, followed by the howl of the bullets.

But when these conical balls struck any resistance, being of a percussion nature, and loaded with a high explosive, they burst with ten times the report of a rifle crack, and the flying fragments of the tiny bombs tore everything around to pieces.

Tim and Fritz aimed at the horses.

Both missed the first shot.

The second volley brought Mario's and Pepe's horses down, dead.

Both riders alighted ere the beasts fell and ran away.

Velasquez's mount went plunging ahead with flying mane and tail, and the Mexican dug the rowels of his long, clanking spurs in its flanks, and urged it on with his voice and the long rawhide lariat fastened to the big pommel of his saddle.

Such swift riding Jack had never witnessed before.

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" the boy cried.

Biff—thud!

Biff—thud!

One after the other spoke the rifles.

Away screamed the bullets, but the Mexican swerved his steed, and as there was lots of daylight under the now foam-flecked beast, it managed to escape the bullets which struck the ground ahead, and tore it all up amid two terrific explosions.

"Escaped!" muttered Jack, in deep mortification.

"We'll rake him fore an' aft this time!" asserted Tim.

"Vhas yer retty?" queried the Dutch boy, eagerly.

"Ay, ay, lad—now!"

Zipp! zipp! screamed the bullets.

One of them struck the Mexican's mount this time, and it came to a pause, uttering a neigh of pain as the ball exploded with a smothered report inside of its body.

Up on its haunches it leaped, pawing the air for an instant, and throwing Velasquez to the ground.

"Hurrah! You've hit him!" cried Jack, delightedly.

Down fell the horse, dead, a moment afterward.

The Mexican sprang to his feet, grasped the recumbent body of the professor, slung it over his shoulder, and, glancing back at the motor, he started on a run for the pueblo.

His two friends had preceded him.

Their shouts and the explosions had brought all the villagers swarming out from among the rocks, to learn the cause of the disturbance, every one of the swarthy fellows being armed.

"Help! Help, comrades!" yelled Velasquez, in alarm.

"Don't let him escape!" screamed Jack, excitedly.

"Ay, lad; but if we fire we may hit Hopkins," demurred Tim.

"Shoot at his legs!"

"Hoop-la!" roared Fritz. "Here she vhas!"

Biff—thud! pealed his weapon, but he missed his mark.

The Hurricane had been flying ahead in pursuit of the Mexican, and was almost upon him when the villagers aimed their weapons, and standing in a solid phalanx, they fired.

An exclamation burst from Jack.

The turret windows had been standing wide open, and a dozen bullets came flying in around the boy.

It was only by a miracle that he was not killed, and the leaden messengers hummed around his head and shoulders and flattened themselves against the metallic walls in back.

"Come inside, boys!" he shouted.

Then he turned a lever, and automatic steel shutters slid out from their grooves and instantly closed up the windows.

This was hardly done when another volley came rattling against them; they were as bullet proof as the rest of the motor, however, and consequently were not pierced.

Velasquez rushed among his friends with the professor in his arms, and in an instant was lost in the crowd.

Jack steered the Hurricane straight at the gang of Mexicans, and although they tried to get out of the way it struck some of them.

Up into the air and right and left they were pitilessly knocked, the frightful cow catcher cleaving a passage through their ranks, and their excited voices creating a clamor.

They scattered like sheep and fled before the dreadful engine, and the Hurricane dashed on, bombarded on all sides by rifle and pistol shots, all of which struck harmlessly against the metallic sides of the machine without penetrating.

Fritz and Tim each went back into the cage, and, stationing themselves at the loop-holes with their weapons, they opened fire upon the yelling horde.

On went the Hurricane, straight into the main street of the pueblo—streets that were very narrow and reeking with filth, the one-storied adobe houses abutting the sidewalks and making them so narrow that only one person could traverse them at a time.

Several barking dogs ran snarling out of the way, a few wiry little burros, with packs of matting slung across their backs, were pulled down the side streets by their masters and the crowd ahead retreated, flinging back all kinds of missiles at the motor, interspersed with curses and pistol shots.

There were but few women in the rabble, but Jack and his friends saw them behind the huge, iron-barred windows of the houses, surrounded by negro servants, peering out in terror.

Jacinto Velasquez was among the rabble ahead of the motor, and as the young inventor drove the machine ahead, faster, the crowd arrived in front of the largest house in the town, when Velasquez darted into it with his victim.

The door was slammed shut, bolted and barred, the rest of the crowd went on, and the Hurricane paused at the house.

"He has gone in here!" shouted Jack to his friends.

"How are we a-goin' ter git him out now?" gasped Tim.

"I'll show you!" the boy replied, determinedly.

He turned the muzzle of the pneumatic gun toward the door.

"Fritz, bring out our suits of mail!" he exclaimed.

The Dutch boy complied, and they attired themselves in the impervious armor, whereupon the boy turned a crank and loaded the gun for a hundred shots, by turning a crank at the butt of it which protruded into the pilot-house.

He then opened the reservoir at the breech, inserted a number of metallic cylinders, and then locked it again.

"Tim, as soon as I fire I'll leave you in charge of the motor," said the boy. "Fritz, you and I will enter that house together and rescue the professor. Get our weapons."

He turned to the switch table and pressed a button.

With a scream one of the cylinders was blown from the gun, and striking the door it burst with a loud intonation.

The door was made of thick planks studded with big brass-headed nails, but that solitary shot shivered it to fragments.

Several people standing on the other side of it were blown to pieces, and the survivors rushed away, screaming, like madmen.

The three navigators, in their suits of polished aluminum armor, looked like ancient knights, their belts being adorned with carbon points, knives and pistols, while each one gripped a small, keen broadsword in his hand.

As soon as the door was demolished, Jack and Fritz ran out on the platform and descended a ladder to the ground.

Fearlessly advancing through the open doorway, they found themselves in a room that led into a square courtyard in the middle of the building, filled with flowers.

This place was packed with Mexicans.

On the ground lay the professor, now entirely conscious, and over him knelt Velasquez, aiming a pistol at his head.

"Stop where you are!" the Mexican yelled. "If you advance another step I will blow your friend's brains out!"

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTORY.

Jack and Fritz came to a pause, and the boy hastily whispered:

"Turn the electric batteries on and take your carbons out."

Upon their backs were metallic knapsacks containing the most powerful batteries, from which ran several wires to some carbon points which they carried thrust in their belts.

They hooked the swords to their belts and turned thumb-screws on the breastplates, which put the batteries in activity.

Withdrawing a carbon in each hand they brought the points obliquely together, and pointed them at the Mexicans.

With the most sibilant hisses the ends of the carbons burst into flames and streaks of fire, lighted with thousands of glittering sparks, darted out with lightning-like rapidity a dozen feet in advance of them, straight toward Velasquez.

Burnt and smarting, he gave a wild yell, and bounding to his feet, recoiled with his hands raised to fend off the fire.

The rest of the Mexicans were just upon the point of attacking them when these fiery darts were spurted at them in semi-circles, and burnt their clothing, seared their skin, and scorched their faces.

"They are not human!" shrieked Velasquez, in tones of the most intense terror. "They are demons of another world. Save me—save me!"

A tremendous uproar arose on all sides.

One of the more courageous of the lot aimed his pistol at Prof. Hopkins and was just about to kill him when the quick, keen glance of Jack detected him in the act, and he darted his electric flame at the rascal.

With a seething hiss it struck him in the face.

"El demonio!" he yelled, staggering back, with a piercing scream of pain. "I am done for!"

"Retreat!" roared Velasquez frantically.

They rushed away pell mell.

The professor bounded to his feet.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he groaned. "They've murdered me."

"Take him back to the motor!" cried Jack.

"Come on, berfesser!" exclaimed Fritz. "Got behind me vonct."

"In heaven's name, dear friend, do not burn me!" implored Hopkins.

"Nein! Nein! Vot you tink? Ve chas come to safe yer."

Hopkins got behind Fritz just as the Mexicans reached the other side of the courtyard, dodged into the rooms that lined all sides of the square, and opened fire upon them.

With ringing sounds the flying bullets struck the suits, but when Jack constructed them they were made to resist ten times the shock of a rifle bullet at close range.

Consequently the firing did no harm.

Protected behind Fritz the professor backed out of the yard and they left Jack alone to repel the gang, and found Tim busy keeping the street crowd in check.

They were bombarding the motor with clubs, cobblestones, firearms, and in fact everything they could lay hands on, from tops of houses, out of windows and doorways, and in fact from every point from whence they could fire without exposing their own bodies.

Had the Hurricane not been constructed with a view to resisting just such assaults as these, she would have been smashed to pieces.

As it was, not even a dent was made in her body.

Fritz got the professor safely inside of her, and they lent their assistance to the old sailor at repelling their enemies' shots.

Left alone in the courtyard, Jack made a rush for the rear apartment from whence his enemies were storming him, with the intention of getting Velasquez in his clutches to put him under arrest.

He sent his flaming darts ahead and saw some of the Mexicans climbing out of a rear window and escaping into a back street, where many of them vanished.

Just as he arrived close to the door one of the natives flung a stone water-jug at him and striking one of the electric wires it broke in to.

The current was broken and the flame ceased to emanate.

His carbons were now rendered utterly useless.

An exclamation of dismay burst from the boy's lips, and his enemies soon became aware of his misfortune.

With their fears relieved, now that the fiery element was spoiled, they came swarming out to attack him.

Jack replaced the useless carbons in his belt and drew his sword.

He then retreated toward the street, when, to his disgust, he saw Velasquez go climbing out the back window and make his escape as the others had done.

"He has gotten away!" he muttered, angrily. "There is no use of my remaining here any longer. I'll go."

The Mexicans were, of course, amazed that none of their bullets or missiles had the least effect upon the boy, but that did not impel them to stop firing at him.

Every one who had not fled came rushing toward him.

"Stand!" yelled one of them. "We will knock you to pieces!"

There were a number of them armed with machetes or sugar-cane knives, and some with short-handled axes.

With these weapons they expected to hew the boy to pieces; but as they sprang forward to attack him he cried: "Come on! I do not fear you!"

He planted one foot forward, paused defiantly, and as one of his antagonists rushed in and aimed a blow at his neck with an axe, he swung his sword around, countered the weapon and cut the handle in two.

Before the man who wielded it could get out of the way Jack caught him a whack on the head with the flat of the sword and knocked him flat on the ground.

The rest of them closed in around the plucky boy, but he never flinched, his sword flying about like lightning, warding off blows, delivering cuts and driving his enemies back.

A terrific struggle ensued.

The Mexicans were thirsting for vengeance.

But Jack Wright fought like a gladiator.

It was one of the severest struggles of his life against odds.

Yet he held the Mexicans at bay and he drove them back and knocked them down. He wounded, stunned and killed several, and, without receiving a scratch through his invulnerable armor, he put them to flight.

Yes, he actually frightened them, and those who yet remained became so filled with dread of him that they fled.

Victorious, panting and half-exhausted, he stood with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, viewing the scene of his victory with pardonable pride.

"I have won!" he gasped, triumphantly.

The last man had gone out through the rear window.

Jack returned to the motor and glancing up he saw that a crowd of Mexicans upon an adjacent housetop were in the act of hurling an old, rusty cannon down on top of the Hurricane.

If such an enormous weight as that struck her, falling from so great a height, it was bound to break the motor and perhaps kill some of her crew.

Seizing a lever he rapidly turned it.

Ahead shot the engine just as the gun fell.

The Hurricane almost seemed to leap ahead as the great weight flew down through the air.

She escaped it.

The gun just grazed the rear steps.

It then struck with a terrific bang upon the roadbed.

But the car was saved.

A sigh of intense relief burst from Jack's lips.

"A close call!" he remarked, dryly.

"Very true, dear friend," replied the professor, turning pale. "Where's Velasquez?"

"Made his escape, confound it! Let's leave here."

"With all my heart," said Hopkins, with a shudder.

"How came the Mexicans to attack you at El Paso?"

"They must have spotted me there and pursued me when I was on my way out of the town to join you. Where are we?"

"At a small pueblo near El Paso," said Jack, steering the motor out of the place. "Velasquez carried you here on horseback."

"Ah! I see. The wretch nearly knocked my brains out!"

Pursued by the robbers at a safe distance, who kept up their fusillade of missiles, our friends got out on the plain again and headed for a pass through the Sierras to get on the Pacific slope side of the mountains.

Ahead of them there stretched a vast plain, and the motor shot away over it through the night, and soon left the pueblo and its frantic inhabitants many miles behind.

The sky was obscured by heavy cloud banks, and going at an easy pace with her searchlight glaring ahead, the Hurricane passed out like some grim monster of another world. Our friends had an excellent supper prepared by Fritz, and dividing their force into two watches Jack and the professor remained on duty and Tim and Fritz turned in.

"If our first adventure is a sample of what we are going to get in the future, I'm afraid we are going to have a red-hot trip," said Jack.

CHAPTER IX.

BITTEN BY A RATTLESNAKE.

Little of importance happened for some days, and our friends finally reached the western side of the Rocky Mountains.

It was a beautiful morning when they passed Fronteras, the country magnificently green, while the landscape was

broken up by hills, creeks, and studded with grape-laden cottonwood trees.

Jack and the professor stood in the pilot-house.

"When I was in this country before, dear boy," said Hopkins, "I heard that years ago the Jesuit priests, recorded in the church books of Bacadehuachy, had gone up in the Sierras, administering the Sacrament to the Tarahumari Indians who were living in caves and cliffs. So you see the parchment you have must have some truth in it."

"The paper speaks of the Mother Mountain as the one of the range in which the treasure lies," said Jack. "Do you know which one of the peaks is designated that way?"

"I do, most assuredly, my Christian friend," replied Hopkins.

"Then I am satisfied. It worried me a little to know which one it was. We are to put the declining sun at our back to find the gorge leading up to the Golden City——"

"I know the pass referred to," asserted the professor, "for I have seen it. Leave it to me to guide you. The ravine is the most dangerous of any about here. It is constantly swarmed by the redskins."

"They won't frighten me. But see—what a curious plant that is we are passing—it is an exquisitely beautiful creeper—the gorgeous white crown must be about six inches long by four broad. Do you know what it is?"

"The better class of Navajo Indians, dear boy, look upon it with great disfavor, for its root can be made into a powerful stimulant, which often ends in madness or death."

The air was filled with doves and fly-catchers, the gorgeous vermilion plumage of the latter fairly dazzling their eyes.

They passed several ranches, built on elevated plateaus, from whence the owners could note the approach of hostile savages, who frequently attacked them.

About forty-five miles from Cochuta the Hurricane was turned to the southeast, went over a plateau, and descended along the banks of the Bavispee River, which it followed to the southward, passing the towns of Opata, Guasabas and Granados.

There were sugar-cane, oranges, limes, and fig trees growing abundantly, the temperature became hot, and the grass had a scorched look.

A fortnight of travel along the river among the mesquites and oaks brought our friends in view of a poor village called Nacory, at the foot of the Sierra Madre.

It was toward nightfall when it was reached, and pointing up at the vast mountain range, the professor exclaimed:

"There's our goal at last, my Christian friends!"

"We will stop at the village and get some information about the trail," said Jack. "It will be best to post ourselves well."

He steered the motor toward the pueblo, and they had not arrived within more than a quarter of a mile of it when they were startled by hearing a frightful commotion coming from it.

A chorus of wild cries arose in the Opata language, for the inhabitants were mostly half-breed Indians, and then they saw a large crowd of men, women and children rush into view.

They were loudly clamoring, and seemed to be greatly frightened.

"There's trouble going on among them!" exclaimed Jack.

"But I don't see anything wrong," replied Hopkins.

The Hurricane soon reached the village, and upon beholding the curious machine the natives took fright and ran away.

They left two of their number behind, however.

It was a woman and her babe.

The little one lay prone on the ground, and the woman, armed with a knife, was battling with a huge bear which had come down from the mountain and had been in the act of carrying her child off when the villagers attacked it.

As soon as Jack saw the trouble the poor woman was in he cried:

"Take the wheel, Tim, and steer for that woman."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the old sailor, complying.

The boy seized a rifle from its rack and hurried out on the platform with it, when up to the combatants rushed the Hurricane.

Up went the boy's rifle to his shoulder, and aiming at the bear, which had arisen upon its haunches, he fired.

Just then the wheels of the motor went over a stone and spoiled his aim, the bullet missing its mark.

With one blow from its paw the bear knocked the shrieking Indian woman down, and descending on all fours beside

her; it was just about to bury its teeth in her head when she stabbed it with her knife.

It recoiled for a moment, growling with pain and rage.

The motor paused, and Jack leaped to the ground close to the monster, when it turned upon him in a twinkling.

Bleeding from the wound given it by the woman, it attacked the boy, who again aimed his weapon at it.

Unfortunately there were no more projectiles in Jack's weapon, and as soon as he found it out he clubbed his rifle and dealt the bear a swinging blow on the head with it.

Again it recoiled, growling and snarling.

The Indian woman snatched up her child and ran away.

Jack had no other weapon with him, and he retreated, upon observing which the bear came lumbering after him.

Fritz just then came out on the platform of the Hurricane armed with a rifle, and upon seeing the danger Jack was in he aimed at the bear and fired.

True to its mark sped the ball.

With a crash it burst in the bear's head.

The beast was literally decapitated, and fell dead at Jack's feet.

"Hurrah fer me vonct!" yelled Fritz excitedly.

The natives had seen the shot and its result, but their fears of the motor vanished gradually when they saw men on it.

With the death of the bear they began to draw nearer, and the professor, being able to speak a smattering of their language, assured them that they had no cause for alarm.

Thus reassured they soon gathered around the Hurricane and began to express their gratitude to our friends for killing the bear.

The Narcoryans were a peaceful race and very hospitable, but miserably poor, and the professor had a long talk with them.

At its conclusion he turned to Jack and said:

"They want us to make ourselves at home here, and are willing to do anything in their power for us, dear boy."

"Have you said anything about the mountains?" queried Jack.

"Yes. They advise us to keep away from there, as an incident recently occurred that has angered the Indians against the whites very much."

"What was that?"

"As near as I can understand it, some white men were here a week ago, when a band of Apaches came down from the mountain in a threatening manner. They were on the warpath, and the villagers begged for peace, which was reluctantly granted. They had to hold a pow-wow, and smoke the calumet. After that there was a banquet given to the warriors, and considerable mescal was given them to drink. In a short time they were all hopelessly drunk, when the white men set upon them, and captured several, the rest escaping. They were taken out into a ravine near here and shot. The Apaches are now bitterly incensed against all the whites."

"That will make it bad for us," said Jack gravely.

"They have sworn to murder every white man they meet."

"Can we get a guide here to take us up to cave valley?"

"No. The villagers are afraid to venture beyond this pueblo."

"In that case we must go up on our own hook, then."

"Do you intend to remain here, dear boy, over night?"

"Yes. Early to-morrow morning we will ascend the gorge."

The motor had come to a pause in the middle of the pueblo, and Fritz prepared a good supper for our friends.

They had but little water aboard of the motor, but there was a creek near by, to which Jack and Fritz made several excursions with pails, filling up the cask on the Hurricane.

At the last trip Jack went alone.

He had just filled his pail, and turned to walk away, when to his amazement he found himself face to face with a stalwart Apache, who was standing with folded arms and scowling face.

The Indian was regarding the boy with a fierce expression.

His approach had been so silent that Jack did not know he was there until they came face to face.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack. "Where did you come from?"

The Indian made no reply.

But his burning, fierce glance plainly showed that he was in an ugly frame of mind.

Imagining that the savage did not understand him, Jack was about to pass on, when the Indian seized him by the arm.

"Wait!" exclaimed he, in moody tones, in Spanish. "Red Jim would speak."

"Ah! You speak Spanish, then?" asked Jack, in Castilian.

"Little," replied the Apache. "Why you come here?"

"I am going up into the Sierra Madre after gold."

"No. You not can go there."

"Why not?"

"Apaches don't want it."

"We don't belong to the crowd who killed your friends."

"No difference. All white man alike. One do wrong to us, we kill all."

"That's a bad plan, Red Jim."

Instead of replying the Apache drew a tomahawk from his belt and aimed a blow at Jack's head with it.

He designed to cleave the boy's skull in two.

Raising the water-pail the young inventor warded off the blow.

The keen edge of the tomahawk smashed the pail to pieces.

"You are a murderous dog!" said Jack, in angry tones.

Red Jim raised his weapon to strike again.

His jet-black eyes were aflame, his nostrils dilated, and a sinister look was upon his copper-colored face.

Before he could strike, however, a rattlesnake, lying in the grass, bit him on the calf of his leg.

It felt like the sharp puncture of a needle.

Red Jim glanced down and saw what it was.

Instantly he lowered his tomahawk and a frightened look swept over his face, for he felt that he had his death-wound, so rapid and malignant is a rattlesnake's bite.

"See there!" he groaned, pointing at the reptile.

"You are doomed!" said Jack, curtly.

"Can you do anything for poor Indian?"

"I can save you."

"Do!"

"Lie down."

Red Jim lay on the ground.

"Got a knife?" queried Jack.

"Here!" said the Apache, handing him one.

"Can you stand great pain?"

"Anything!"

"Very well; don't flinch now," said Jack.

He cut a piece of flesh out of the Indian's leg around the wound.

It bled profusely, but the Apache did not utter a sound.

He glanced with stoic fortitude at the operation.

Quick as rattlesnake's venom is to act on the human system the boy had cut out the poison before it got into Red Jim's blood.

Instead of suffering death the redman would now have only the pain of his flesh-wound until it healed up.

Handing him a handkerchief, Jack said:

"Keep washing it out. I will go and fetch you some medicine."

He left the Apache bathing the wound, and returning to the coach he procured some bandages and salve, told his friends what happened, and then went back to Red Jim.

The boy dressed his wound.

"I have returned good for evil!" he exclaimed.

"And I will not forget it," said Red Jim, gratefully.

"Go home now and keep quiet till you are well," advised Jack.

"You help me on my burro?"

"Where is it?"

"In bushes, there!"

The boy aided the limping brave to mount a little burro he found in the place indicated, and the warrior rode away.

Jack returned to the motor, and everything having been fastened up for the night, Tim was left on guard and all turned in.

The night passed by and just as day dawned the professor, who had relieved the old sailor on watch, awakened the boy, crying:

"Jack! Jack! Here comes Jacinto Velasquez!"

Out of the stateroom into the pilot-house rushed the boy, half aroused.

"Where is he?" was his eager query.

"See there!" replied Hopkins, pointing out the window.

The boy glanced out.

A troop of Apache warriors were approaching in full feather, led by the Mexican and a chief.

By exposing Jack's plan to raid on the Golden City of the Sierra, the Mexican had enlisted the friendship of the redskins and joined them to further his own schemes.

Mounted on mustangs, the wild horde came galloping up. "Arm yourselves, boys!" cried Jack to all his friends who now were in the turret. "We are going to have a hard struggle, I fear."

CHAPTER X.

ATTACKED BY INDIANS.

On came the troop of redskins dashing through the main street of the pueblo, the frightened inhabitants flying into their houses to get out of the way.

A shower of arrows and spears came flying through the air and rained upon the Hurricane like hail.

Jack turned the motor around, facing the coppery horde. The shutters were pulled down over the windows, but the boy peered through the loop-holes in them and saw the Indians approach.

He had his pneumatic gun already loaded.

Aiming it at the oncoming horsemen he fired a shot, and with a terrific explosion the projectile burst against the foremost pony and spread destruction around.

The flying particles struck several of the nearest braves and their mounts and killed them on the spot.

Brought to a pause by this terrible reception, the rest of the band gave utterance to a wild yell of terror and retreated.

Away they dashed at full speed.

"I'm going to pursue them," said Jack. "I am going to make an impression upon them they will never forget, and when we get in the mountains the rest will fear us."

He started the engine in pursuit of the redskins, and drove the savages pell mell out of the town.

They made for the foothills of the mountains.

"Looks ter me," said Tim, "as if they wuz goin' aloft."

"Und I tink dot dey vhas frightened alretty," said Fritz. Jack fired another shot at them.

It whistled through the air with a tremendous scream, and striking the ground in their midst burst like a bombshell.

Several more of the Apaches fell.

Velasquez had thus far escaped injury, and being mounted on the best beast, he rode on in advance of his friends, the redskins.

The rascal saw that the magnetic motor was more to be feared than he imagined at first, and he was striving to escape.

Jack's friends were armed with rifles, standing at the windows, and driving the motor up to the scampering band he sent it flying among the savages, who scattered right and left.

"Give it to them!" he cried.

His friends began to fire, and man and beast fell like chaff before the gale as the destructive bullets began to explode.

"They came to sweep us off the face of the earth!" the boy muttered, grimly, "but I've turned the tables on them!"

Frantic by this time the desperate Apaches retaliated with the rifles and pistols they possessed.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack! resounded their shots on all sides, but not a leaden ball had activity enough to pierce the metal walls of the motor.

Shot after shot was sent back by Jack's friends.

The savages had scattered now so that a projectile from the gun would not have had much effect and was not fired.

Soon the ground became very rough, and upon going down the slope of an elevation the boy suddenly observed a mass of timber ahead through which ran a stream.

The Apaches headed for it full speed.

In through the timber plunged their ponies, and upon reaching the water-course they entered it and swam. Carrying the Mexican and the remainder of the band across, they reached the opposite embankment in safety and fled on.

The Hurricane could not cross the stream.

Jack brought her to a pause, in disgust, and said:

"I never thought I'd have to go over streams, or I should have constructed my engine with a boat-like body. This is aggravating. They'll escape me now."

"Vhy yer didn't put wings by der motor?" growled Fritz.

Jack leveled a spyglass ahead and remarked:

"I see a tremendous ravine ahead there and the Apaches are heading their ponies for it. Can that be our course, Hopkins?"

"Positively, dear boy," assured the professor.

"Shiver me, lad, then why not get across the stream an' go right on?" asked Tim. "'Tain't no sorter use a-goin' back ter ther town."

"But where can we go to get across?" blankly asked Jack.

For miles up and down the stream they saw no means of getting on the other side, but the keen eyes of Jack soon rested on a large number of logs floating in the stream.

"There's our only means of getting on the other side," he remarked, pointing at them. "We had trouble enough while coming here to cross the various streams we met with. We must build a raft and ferry the machine across."

He ran the Hurricane down to the shore, where they all alighted.

Fortunately they had ample means on hand to fasten the logs together, and the four, setting to work, soon improvised a rude raft.

The stream was about five hundred feet across.

Had the Hurricane not been extremely light, on account of the kind of metal it was made of, they could not have managed it, but now, however, they soon got it upon the raft.

Long poles were then cut and they contrived to ferry the motor and themselves to the other side, by which time the Apaches had disappeared in the distance.

As soon as they were safe on terra firma upon the other side they found the trail of their enemies' ponies.

"The motor can pass over almost any ground they can," said Jack. "So we can do no better than to keep on their trail now."

"It's a long and rough journey," observed the professor.

"Lor' save yer, sir," broke in Tim, "this ain't nuthin' ter ther trip I had when I wuz in the United States Marine Corps."

"You certainly could not have passed over much rougher ground than this?"

"Didn't I, though!" retorted Tim, spiritedly. "Waal, I kalkerlate I did. We'd landed near Charleston. Thar wuz a full regiment on us, an' ther enemy set fire ter ther grass ter cut off our pursuit. But we kep' right on ower ther hot ground. Ther soles o' our shoes wuz burnt off, but we kep' right on. Then ther soles o' our stockin's went, but we kep' right on. Then our feet got blistered, but we kep' right on—"

"Didn't you lose your leg that way?" blandly asked Hopkins.

"No," replied Tim. "We wuz all such hard drinkers we wuz fireproof."

The motor followed the Indians' trail under Jack's guidance, and several hours passed by, the scenery becoming more rugged and wild as they left the foothills behind.

They reached the gorge at sundown.

It was a bleak, desolate-looking place, as gloomy as a dungeon at day, and ten times worse at night.

The searchlight was started when the motor ran into it, and the actual ascent of the mountain began.

Above them stretched an infinite succession of ridges and plateaus, covered with huge, pine forests, the steep slopes in the valleys covered with pine needles as slippery as glass, while here and there resurrection plants spread over the damp rocks and gloomy cliffs like huge mats.

Occasionally they met with ruins of square buildings of stone, clay and plaster, having a white, spectral look; several deserted pueblos were encountered, and here and there they saw numbers of trincheras, or stone terraces built across the small valleys.

Fritz prepared supper, to which our friends did justice, and as there was no sign of water in the canyon they were glad to use the water procured at the pueblo.

Toward nine o'clock Jack stood steering the motor ahead, when suddenly he observed several shadowy figures go flitting through the radiance from the searchlight.

"Indians!" he exclaimed, in startled tones.

His friends all looked out the windows and saw them.

They were mounted on ponies and dodging in and out of the light like will-o'-the-wisps, as silently as ghosts.

The boy turned the lever around, increasing speed, the broad cogwheels clinging to the rocky ground and dragging the motor after them with irresistible force.

Faster went the motor, and faster rode the silent Apaches.

"Their silence looks suspicious," said the professor.

"As I know they are treacherous," answered Jack, "it is a fair warning for us to look out for rascality from them."

He turned the searchlight around suddenly and swept its glow down the canyon over the road they were pursuing.

when, to his surprise, he beheld a score of savages in pursuit.

They were stealing after the motor as silently and rapidly as the rest were leading it on, and the boy saw that they were hemmed in.

"Look back there!" he exclaimed.

"Wot in thunder can them lubbers be plannin'?" queried Tim.

"Dey don't vhas been doin' dot for notings," muttered Fritz.

Jack now swayed the light around again, but to his utter amazement he observed that the Indians in advance had vanished.

Another more dangerous sight met his view.

It was a wide chasm ahead, running across the canyon, and the motor was rushing straight toward it.

"There's their game!" said Jack. "See what they were luring us on."

"Stop the Hurricane!" nervously implored Hopkins.

Jack turned the lever to insulate the armature and put on the brakes, but to his amazement the machinery kept on working and the brakes failed to act upon the flying wheels.

"I can't stop her!" gasped the boy. "Something is out of order!"

The Hurricane was now dangerously close to the yawning abyss, and kept plunging straight ahead toward it!

CHAPTER XI.

BLOCKED IN THE DEFILE.

A chill of intense horror passed over every one upon hearing what Jack said, for they saw the terrible chasm plainly revealed by the searchlight, yawning ahead of them.

The desperation of their situation might have been modified if they had plenty of room in which to manage the Hurricane; but at that point the rocks on each side were so close that there was no room for the motor to turn around and run back.

Should Jack turn it to the right or left, going at such a high rate of speed, she would inevitably crash into either wall and very likely go to pieces.

With no course to pursue save going ahead, destruction by a flying leap into the yawning abyss seemed inevitable.

"Fritz! Examine the machinery!" shouted the boy.

Not waiting to answer, the Dutch boy dashed away to comply.

"What are we to do, dear boy?" groaned the professor helplessly.

"There's a desperate chance!" replied Jack grimly. "Only one."

"And that?"

"Find the side passage and turn her into it."

"You think that's where the Indians disappeared?"

"I do. There could be no other way for them to vanish."

He had called to mind what the parchment said about the gorge being cut in two by an abyss—that there was a side pass leading around it, and imagined that this was the place mentioned.

All he could now depend upon was the existence of this passage, and he turned his eager glance upon the walls and flashed the searchlight there in quest of it.

Nearer and still nearer to the brink of the gulf dashed the motor, until at last they were within ten yards of it, when suddenly a cry pealed from the boy's lips.

"Here it is now!" he exclaimed.

"Wot?" demanded Tim.

"The side passage."

"Hurrah! We ain't dead yet!" yelled Hopkins, wild with relief.

With a turn of the wheel Jack sent the coach spinning off to the right, and it dashed into a wide, dark opening in the wall.

The searchlight showed this aperture ran at a curve.

Along the arm of the gorge it ran, and they heard a wild yell of chagrin peal from the Indians bringing up the rear, who had been fondly expecting to see the motor go plunging over the precipice down into the black pit athwart its course.

"Tim, keep a lookout ahead!" cried the boy.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the old sailor, going to the front window.

"Professor, you take charge of the searchlight."

"Depend upon me, my boy."

On went the Hurricane, sweeping around a vast curve, and our friends in the turret heard Fritz back in the state-room pounding at the machinery, the defect in which he had found.

"Injuns athwart our bows, sir," said Tim.

"Mounted?" asked Jack.

"Aye, an' under full sail, too."

"Show them up, Hopkins."

"In one moment," replied the professor.

Around swept the searchlight, and it glimmered upon the warriors who had so craftily lured the Hurricane along the canyon to its doom.

Discovered and defeated in their project, they fired a number of shots back at the motor from their firearms, but the singing pellets of lead did no harm.

"Hello, Fritz! Have you found out what the trouble was?" shouted Jack, as the Dutch boy's pounding ceased.

"Yah! I tink so. Vun of de bolts in der brake glamps vhas gone, und I vhas put me in anudder alretty."

"What's the matter with the armatures?"

"De insulation pads vhas lost."

"Did you get a new one from the cage?"

"Fer sure. In vun minutes I vhas feenish alretty."

The pounding went on again.

Plunging ahead, the motor rounded the curve, and came out in the vast gorge again, on the other side of the chasm.

"There's proof that the old manuscript is true!" said Jack.

"Aye, aye, lad! An' so must ther rest on it be so, too," replied Tim.

"Der prake vhas all righd somedimes!" yelled Fritz just then.

"Good! Go on with the insulator so I can stop her."

"In vun minutes. How she vhas going?"

"All right, thus far!"

Bang, bang, bang! went the hammer again.

The roadbed became so rocky and uneven that the motor now began to rattle and shake.

A few moments later the insulator was fixed, and Fritz came back to the pilot-house, joining Jack, with the remark:

"You vhas been able to stop her now."

The boy did so, and then asked:

"What was the matter with the machinery?"

"Vell, der rupper cap vot goes ofer der ends of der magnet is fast to der flange, und der joint of it vhas got unbolted, so I had ter got me a new bolt, und drove it in in place of der vun vot's lost."

"How did it get unbolted?"

"Der nut vhas come unscrewed. Dot prake vhas bolted to dot insulator flange, yer know, und so soon as dot bolt vhas lost, der prake don't vork also."

"Is it in good order now?" asked Jack, starting the motor again.

"Yah! She don't got oudt of order never alretty."

The boy swayed the searchlight around, but failed to see any of the Apaches now, by which he concluded that they feared the terrible firearms carried on the Hurricane and wanted to keep out of range of them.

The defile they were following now became very narrow. The perpendicular walls of the canyon rising up hundreds of feet above their heads.

With a sad and mournful sound the wind came moaning through the gorge, and afar in the distance they heard the cries of night birds and prowling beasts, alarmed by moving Indians.

The mountains were nine thousand feet high, and although this canyon did not reach the top, it led to their destination before the break of day.

None of the four had any sleep that night.

It was just as day was dawning when they arrived in sight of what looked like a huge wall of rocks, cutting off the end of the canyon, broken down in the middle.

There was a narrow pass in this opening, through which the motor could squeeze, and when they flashed the searchlight ahead in the opening, they saw that it led into a vast valley.

No doubt this was the valley of caves.

"Once we are through that defile," said Jack, "our trip will be near an end, for I am convinced that the golden city lies beyond that wall in the great plateau we can see marked out there."

The professor examined the parchment.

Rudely outlined at the bottom of it were the diagrams which mapped their course, and they saw that the course they had been pursuing agreed exactly with the map.

It was fair to infer by this, then, that they had made no mistake about coming up the gloomy canyon.

Within a short space of time the motor reached the rocky wall and passed into a defile, when all of a sudden a tremendous chorus of shouts arose above them.

Jack glanced upward, and saw that the rocks swarmed with savages who had sprung from their coverts, and now began to hurl the loose rocks down at the Hurricane.

They struck with blows like thunder.

A volley of violent shocks made the motor shake all over, as the rocks and stones came flying down in showers, bombarding her like so many cannon balls on all sides.

"They will smash her to pieces unless we drive them back," exclaimed Jack, in the utmost consternation. "Get some bombs."

Tim and Fritz went back in the cage.

Shortly afterwards they reappeared, attired in their metallic suits, and each one armed with baskets filled with hand grenades.

Sufficient light now streamed down from the gray sky to let them see what they were doing, and opening the door of the turret they went out on both decks and began to fling the bombs among the savages who were hurling the rocks.

With reports like the discharge of artillery the grenades burst against the rocks, and the cries of the Apaches told plainly how disastrous the fusillade had become.

Their missiles suddenly ceased to descend, and they fled, leaving many of their friends injured behind them among the rocks.

Fast and furious flew the grenades.

Loud and fierce were the ensuing explosions.

Deep and agonizing were the yells of the wounded savages.

Onward rushed the motor, and battered and dented, yet unbroken, she reached the end of the defile, when there sprang into view a mass of hundreds of savages to bar her entrance into the valley.

The defile became choked up with the swarm, all of whom were armed with clubs, rifles, arrows and spears.

In an instant the Hurricane was among them, when they came swarming upon her, and Tim and Fritz retreated inside.

It was impossible to force the motor ahead through that compact mass of humanity, and Jack was forced to bring her to a pause.

The Apaches now began to batter the Hurricane on all sides in an effort to force an entrance to the inmates, against whom they were now most bitterly incensed.

CHAPTER XII.

WITHIN THE CAVES.

Jack knew that the motor could withstand a certain amount of rough usage, but after that might succumb to the Indians' assault.

His greatest fear was that the machinery underneath might be ruined, and he hastily put on a metal suit and told Hopkins to do the same.

In these rubber-lined suits they were perfectly insulated.

Moreover, there was not a piece of loose metal upon that motor that was susceptible to the attraction of the huge magnet.

On the other hand, everything was capable of being electrified.

A curious scene was occurring outside.

The gravitative force of the electro magnet was affecting the steel weapons in the hands of the savages.

So enormous was the power of the magnet that whenever a knife or rifle barrel loosely handled came within close enough range of the magnet, it was caught by the invisible force and wrenched from the hands of the Apaches.

Drawn to the magnet almost with the speed of bullets, they struck under the coach with sharp clicks, and adhered to the horseshoe.

Many of the Apaches were thus deprived of their weapons, much to their astonishment and our friends' amusement.

Jack, having donned his suit, turned one of the levers from one brass disc to another, and thus communicated all the electric force of the batteries to the shell of the motor.

In an instant everything became electrified, and the bare feet of the Apaches touching the deck received the shocks.

A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Tingling as if pricked by thousands of needles, they yelled, and made haste to get as far away from the unbearable motor as possible, as they imagined it was getting red-hot. Bismarck and Whiskers felt the current inside of the Hurricane, too, and, squawking and howling, they flew up on the chairs.

Jack then leveled the gun at the crowd ahead and fired it.

With a terrible howl the projectile shot from the gun and cut a passage through the ranks of the savages before it finally exploded, wounding and killing many more.

They had heaped a huge pile of tree trunks across the entrance, the top of which the shot carried away, and as the motor ran up to it they brought her to a pause.

She could go no further.

Nor could she back away from it, owing to the number of men lying in back of her, the bodies of whom obstructed the wheels.

"Unless we get those tree trunks away we can't go on," said Jack; "and there is no possibility of backing far enough off to blow them to pieces with the gun. We will have to clear the way with a bomb planted under the obstruction."

He shut off power and left the wheel in Fritz's care.

Going to the ammunition box, he took a conical cylinder from it. This was filled with horrorite, as his patent high explosive was called, and fastening an electric wire to a binding post in the end of it, he sallied out on the platform.

The electricity impregnating the shell of the motor had driven all the savages away, and he descended to the ground.

Approaching the barricade, he thrust the bomb in a crevice among the logs, and was about to return to the Hurricane when several of the savages got behind him and the motor.

He had no room to defend himself where he stood, and saw that he could not go back to the motor.

In order to have plenty of room to move about, he clambered upon the barricade, and was about to spring over on the other side, when a dozen of the redskins on the plateau ran for him, and he pulled out a pistol.

As soon as they were near enough Jack opened fire on them, and sending half their number to the ground, he brought the rest to a sudden halt.

"Fritz!" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

"Vot's der matter?" replied the Dutch boy, from the motor.

"Turn the battery lever and blow up the barricade!"

"Vhas you oudt of der vay alretty?"

"Yes. Hurry! The savages have seized the electric wire and may destroy it before you can explode the bomb."

"All righd! Look oudt!"

The current was sent over the wire.

Boom! roared the explosion the next instant.

When the cylinder burst it carried the logs up into the air, torn to fragments, and killed the Indians near it.

The obstruction was gone in a moment.

Jack glanced at it, and one of the Apache's flung a war club at him, the missile catching him in the neck.

Over he fell like a log.

Before Jack could arise a number of the savages pounced on him, a lariat bound him in a twinkling, and he was a prisoner.

"Help!" shouted the boy desperately.

His friends heard him shout, and Fritz sent the machine flying ahead into the immense basin; but one of the savages caught the boy up, and ran with him for an opening in the face of the cliff, into which he dashed, pursued by the monitor.

The opening into which the Indian carried him was only just big enough to admit a man, and the Hurricane was therefore unable to follow the boy and his captor.

It came to a pause at the opening.

The rest of the Apaches now fled in all directions over the plateau, and disappeared into various cracks and crevices in the face of the cliffs surrounding the basin.

"Shimney Christmas!" gasped Fritz, as he drove the motor out of the defile into the basin. "Dey vos got Shack!"

"Av, lad! I'll folly him!" cried Tim, stumping toward the door as the Hurricane came to a pause opposite the aperture into which the boy had been carried. "If nobody don't lend ther lad a helpin' hand them 'ere redskin pirates'll founder him."

"Hold on!" interposed the professor, detaining the excited old sailor. "Don't do anything rash. You can't save him unaided."

"Then, blast it, heave along wi' me!"

"Don't yer do id," said Fritz. "If yer do, der both of yer vhas got killed."

"Shaver me, lad, yer don't 'spect as I'm a-goin' ter stand idly by an' see Jack Wright git scalped, do yer?" growled Tim indignantly.

"No," replied Fritz; "und I vhasn'd goin' ter stand by und see you git schkalbed also, neider."

"What is to be done about it, then?" helplessly asked Hopkins.

Without the young inventor they were like a ship without a rudder.

None of them knew just exactly what to do.

The sun arose on a clear, beautiful morning, and observing the remains of a ruined city lying in the middle of the place, Fritz drove the machine over to it.

They found it to be the wreck of what might have been a beautiful village, but the houses were not built of gold, as they quite expected to find them, but were made of stone.

The walls of the rugged cliffs surrounding this oval valley were covered with vegetation and towered fully five hundred feet above them.

Within the ruined city, however, they found two great shafts sunk in the ground, and it did not require the golden particles lying scattered around in quartz crystals to apprise them that they were the two lost mines, Valjuopa and Tayopa.

Within the bosom of the earth beneath them there lay buried a fabulous fortune in gold.

Yet what good did it do them?

It seemed as if their trip was a useless one.

With the valley so overrun with savages, who jealously guarded the mines as their own and resented the ingress of white men to a reservation in which they dwelt for centuries, it seemed an almost hopeless task to attempt to wrest from them what our friends came in quest of.

There was a legion of the Apaches in the place—an army of the most uncivilized and ferocious savages in the world, and to venture outside of the now battered-up motor was as much as the lives of our friends were worth.

Fritz steered the motor over to the walls again, presently, but there were so many openings honeycombing the cliffs that it was almost impossible to tell into which one of these the boy had been carried, as no trail was left on the flinty ground.

How to get at the boy to lend him their aid they did not know.

Descrying a larger opening than the rest, they decided to risk sending the engine into it on a tour of inspection.

Accordingly, Fritz steered her through the aperture into a cavern.

They no sooner had gotten in, however, when there sounded a thunderous crash in back of them.

Glancing around, to their dismay they saw that a cyclopean boulder, which had been wedged above them in the opening had fallen down, and now closed up the only opening big enough to give the Hurricane exit, which they could see.

"Prisoners!" gasped the professor.

"But this are a mighty big cave, an' thar may be more entrances," suggested Tim, taking a chew of plug and glancing around.

"I vhas shtart her aheth vonct," said Fritz.

He did so, and keeping the searchlight blazing, they saw that they were within an enormous cavern, stretching way inside of the cliffs so far that the other walls were invisible.

The Hurricane rolled ahead through the gloomy, stifling place, and her crew, peering out the windows, kept a keen glance fastened ahead to see where they were going.

But they did not see any sign of Jack or his captors.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CITY OF GOLD.

The Indian who carried away the young inventor had entered a wide crevice in the rocks, the floor of which was smooth from much use, and pursued it some distance.

He finally emerged into a most beautiful cavern of pure white crystal, the walls decorated with magnificent stalac-

stalagmite pedestals, stood hundreds of stone coffins or sarcophagus.

They were covered with deer, buffalo and beaver skins in the capacity of couches, upon which reclined a number of Indian women, smoking calumets and sleeping.

As soon as the warrior entered with his burden they aroused themselves and a babel of voices arose in their own tongues as they plied the plumed brave with questions.

Their papooses added to the clamor with their yells, the half-grown children lying around upon the floor aroused themselves, and in a few moments a perfect pandemonium ensued.

It was gradually angering the painting Indian, and he struck one of the more obtrusive women, knocking her down.

She bounced upon her feet like a cat, and seizing a spear from the floor she rushed at the warrior, with its point aimed at his bosom, when several men came through an opening in the wall.

One of them saw the woman's action.

He was a big man, of majestic mien, with a large head-dress on, and evidently a personage of some importance.

Uttering a guttural shout, he stopped the spiteful squaw just as she was upon the point of plunging her fatal weapon into the warrior.

Instantly, upon the entrance of these men, the noises ceased as if by magic, and Jack glanced at the newcomers.

To his surprise he saw Jacinto Velasquez with the Indians.

The Mexican seemed to be upon the friendliest terms with the savages, with whom he was conversing in their own tongue.

Seeing the boy inventor lying helpless upon the ground, he eagerly approached to see who Jack was.

A look of devilish exultation overspread his face when he observed the boy's identity, and bending over him he hissed, in Spanish:

"Por el demonio! This is luck, indeed!"

"Well, you are well established here!" sneered Jack.

"True, senor, true. I shall at last avenge myself on you."

"A chance to do so lies in your power, no doubt."

"It does. The chief of this tribe is absent, compadre, and his young brother, who commands in his stead, is my good friend, who now has cause to hate you as much as I do."

"Well, I've given you and his men cause to dislike me."

"Do you know what it leads you to, senor?"

"Death, I presume."

"Very true—death in its worst form—lingering—horrible—"

"Perhaps you suggest burning at the stake?"

"Exactly so. That shall be your fate to-night."

"If my friends don't rescue me."

"Caramba! How can they? Already they are demoralized at your capture, and are searching the plateau for you."

"And they will find me," said Jack confidently.

The Mexican scowled and bared his teeth and hissed savagely:

"Sooner than let you escape with your life, I would die!"

The Indian chief now spoke to the Mexican, and a long conversation ensued between them, after which two of the warriors picked the boy up and carried him away.

Following a gloomy tunnel that pierced the wall, they brought Jack into another huge cavern, brightly illumined by an opening in the wall which ran along a great distance, some distance above the level of the valley.

A cry of intense amazement pealed from Jack's lips.

He saw by the glaring sunlight that the great cavern was an abode of the ancient cave-dwellers, for it was filled with houses.

But such dwellings!

Pure gold!

There was no mistaking the color of that metal.

Strange-looking houses they were, too; rather small, and pierced by many windows, the metallic walls carved with beautiful scrolls and quaint designs of birds, animals and flowers, so true to nature that they looked as if animated.

Plaques and bas-reliefs of various designs were over the arching doors and windows, and the most delicate tracery of filigree around the slender spiral posts supporting the sills.

Every piece of the precious metal was molded with a skill unrivaled by the most famous artisans of civilization

at this modern period, and the joints were so artfully made as to defy detection upon the closest inspection.

Here and there, throughout this strange, buried city of the Harahumari cliff-dwellers, arose several colossal pyramids and obelisks, the latter carved all over with hieroglyphic inscriptions exactly like the characters used in writing the parchment that led Jack Wright to this strange place.

At the top of each obelisk, however, there were cut figures resembling the faces of men, surmounted by images of the sun, showing plainly that the idolatrous race revered the orb of day, and offered sacrifices to it upon the pyramids.

These sacrifices were doubtless human beings, who were burnt to death to appease the savages' god.

In the middle of the Golden City of the Sierras there stood a magnificent temple, with a dozen arched entrances, the roof supported by rows of massive pillars, emblazoned with peculiar devices, such as the obelisk shafts bore.

There was a small open square in front of this elegant structure, with a slender pole of solid gold arising from the smooth, stony floor, the top of the pole bearing a human skull.

Where it joined the earth arose a small, obsidian altar, and Jack's captors laid him upon it and tied him to the pole.

He was so tired from being awake all night that he began to doze, careless of what his fate might be.

The two Indians remained guarding him.

Seating themselves upon the front steps of the magnificent temple, they began to converse in low, guttural tones.

Jack fell asleep.

In the face of death he slumbered as sweetly as a child.

The boy did not awaken all day, for nothing occurred to disturb his slumbers save the ingress of birds that flew through the silent city with subdued cries.

No one came to relieve the sentinels, who remained at their posts like statues; and the time passed on.

A thick coating of dust covered everything.

With the fall of twilight the birds disappeared and great black bats succeeded them, while thousands of little lizards of the brightest green, speckled with crimson dots and other reptiles of the same kind, but different color, made their appearance.

Some had gauzy wings like a fly.

They ran all over everything, showing signs of timidity at the slightest sound, as active and harmless as our crickets.

But there were more dangerous denizens of this isolated place, tarantulas and poisonous centipedes.

One of the latter creatures ran around near one of the Indians, and he drew a flask of whisky from a pocket of his buckskin pants and poured a circle of liquid around the centipede.

Then he touched a match to the liquor and the alcohol in it igniting, flared up in a bright flame around the creature.

It dashed frantically at the fire upon all sides, and upon finding itself imprisoned by the flame, with no chance of escape, in desperation it stabbed itself in the head, killing itself, thereby showing that it is the most desperate of creatures.

This incident seemed to amuse the Apaches greatly.

The twilight deepened into the gloom of night.

With a start Jack awoke.

He heard the hum of many voices, and beheld the glare of scores of torches that lent a weird aspect to the scene around him.

The square was swarming with Indians.

All around they stood, glaring at him, armed to the teeth, and their chief standing in the portico of the temple beside Jacinto Velasquez.

There were a number of Indians in back of them.

In front of the altar was a medicine man of the tribe, chanting a dirge-like incantation, and beside the boy stood two warriors.

As soon as the medicine man had finished his droning ritual the braves seized the boy rudely, pulled him upon his feet and lashed him to the golden post with numerous hide thongs.

Then they went away and returned with their arms full of fagots, which they piled around him up to his chin.

"Your time has come!" he heard the Mexican shout.

"Do they mean to burn me to death?" questioned Jack, with a sinking sensation of heart, as he watched these proceedings.

"That is to be your doom. My revenge will then be complete."

"I shall meet my fate like a man!"

"Ah, but the fire will burn, sear and scorch. How I shall enjoy your agony!"

"Fiend! But—tell me—my friends——"

"Have deserted you!"

"It seems so!" groaned Jack.

The chief said something to one of the warriors, who thereupon seized a torch and applied it to the fagots piled up around Jack's body.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JAGUAR FIGHT.

The occupants of the Hurricane were very much worried over the disappearance of Jack, and resolved to go as far through the great cavern with the motor as they could, in search of him.

They had no light, except what flowed from the windows and out of the searchlight; but it was so strong that the vicinage of the motor was illumined a great distance around.

Fritz retained control of the wheel, and the professor stood out on deck, on lookout, with a rifle in his hand, while Tim remained beside the Dutch boy.

In this manner they were proceeding ahead when the professor suddenly shouted:

"Look out! There's water ahead!"

It was a limpid lake, fed by springs, and there was plenty of room to go around its borders, so Fritz steered the Hurricane to the right.

They had just arrived at a mass of rocks that were cropping out of the lake when Hopkins uttered a shout.

"Stop the motor!" he cried.

"Vot's der matter?" asked Fritz, in alarm, obeying him.

"Look ahead and you'll see!"

The Dutch boy did not see anything but a level stretch of sand, as white as snow, ahead of them, the front wheels of the motor having gone upon it.

But he soon realized the danger they were in.

The front part of the Hurricane began to sink.

"Och! Vot iss dot?" gasped Fritz, in amazement.

"Back water!" roared Tim. "We've run afoul o' a bed o' quicksand!"

And he had divined the truth, for the forward part of the motor was at that moment sinking in the treacherous spot.

Fritz reversed the machinery, the big driving wheels began to revolve rapidly, and after a severe fight against the tenacious clutch of the sand on the wheels the motor was driven back.

"Gwicksand!" exclaimed Fritz breathlessly. "Vot's dot?"

"Why, yer thick-headed swab, we'd a-sunk in it!" said Tim.

"In dot sand?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Come away! I don't want none of your stuffin'."

"He isn't fooling you, dear friend," interposed Hopkins.

The Dutch boy shot the searchlight upon the quicksand, and saw an apparently level but moist expanse of it running back from the shore of the lake in the gloom beyond.

"Dot vhas look innocent enough," he remarked.

"Ay, but if yer'd attempt ter navigate through it," remarked Tim, "thar would be one Dutch lubber less in ther world. I reckerlect one time I wuz a-crossin' a marshy field one dark night, an' floundered inter one o' these 'ere quicksand beds. I sank up ter my whiskers, and I grew so hoarse a-yellin' fer help my voice failed me."

"Und yer vhas vent down?" queried Fritz sarcastically.

"Ay, ay!" assented Tim, expanding vigorously. "Down I went till thar wuzn't nuthin' but ther top o' my bald fingerhead a-floatin', when wot d'yer think happened?"

"You vhas died," said Fritz, in disgust.

"No foolin'," sharply answered Tim. "My feet touched bottom, an' all I had to do wuz ter dig ther sand away from my mouth so's I could breathe. I don't know how long I'd a-stayed thar if it wuzn't fer a balloon——"

"A balloon?" echoed Hopkins querulously.

"It wuz a-passin' by with a drag rope having a grapnel on the end of it, an' that 'ere grapnel hooked inter ther

collar o' my coat, an' ther balloon goin' on dragged me out on dry land. I unhooked myself, walked home, an'——"

"Yer oughter died, den," dryly said Fritz.

"Wot! Don't yer believe me?"

"No!"

Tim believed the story, so he sneered at the Dutch boy's ignorance, and made disparaging remarks, at which Fritz merely grinned.

The motor was turned around the edge of the quicksand bed, and they followed it for some distance, until a complete circuit of it was made, when an opening was seen in the wall ahead, through which the light of day streamed in.

Here the motor came to a pause, and Tim alighted to go and examine the aperture, and to find out, if possible, where they were.

He stumped over to the opening and peered through.

With one glance of his solitary eye he observed that the cavern at this point was fifty feet above the level of the valley below.

Not a soul met his view.

The valley had a peaceful, deserted look.

Yet there were hundreds of Apaches lurking about the place, he knew very well—a bloodthirsty crowd that craved their lives, and in whose power they then were, after a fashion.

Up to the present moment they had not seen any sign of an opening in the wall big enough to give egress to the Hurricane to the plateau again.

Tim glanced around the cavern.

He saw a number of huge, white, circular objects standing along the wall, just out of the sheen of the searchlight, and with his curiosity aroused he stumped over to them.

To his amazement he found that they were gigantic balloon-shaped vessels, fourteen feet high, twelve feet in diameter, with a four-foot wide opening at the top.

They are called "ollas" by the Mexicans, and were made of hold grain; their construction consisting of coils of grass rope, plastered outside and in, to a thickness of eight inches, with porphyry pulp.

In the side of the one nearest to the old sailor there was a large hole broken through, and he peered in.

Two glaring, fiery eyes met his view.

Scarcely had he done so when there sounded a frightful scream, and something shot out of the vessel and struck him such a violent blow that he was knocked over and over.

Down he fell, rolling upon the floor.

"Help! Help!" he shouted wildly.

He got up a moment later, and heard a snarl.

A shiver of dread passed over Tim, for he now saw that the animal which had taken refuge within the jar was an enormous jaguar.

The jaguar crouched between Tim and the motor, so there was not much chance for the old sailor to get back to a place of safety on the Hurricane.

"Fritz! Professor! Save me!" he yelled.

He saw his two friends appear at the window looking out at him, and then the jaguar sprang through the air.

Placed at a disadvantage with his wooden leg, the old fellow was not as quick to move about as he should have been, and therefore did not get out of the way in time.

Foreseeing that he would come in contact with the beast, he presented the keen point of his knife towards it as it leaped, and the creature was pierced.

In the lurching of its body, the jaguar had torn the knife handle from Tim's hand, and the blade remained sticking in the ghastly wound in its neck.

Tim was now utterly defenseless.

He uttered a groan of anguish, for it seemed as if his doom was sealed, as the jaguar was greatly incensed against him.

"Dim! Dim! Where vhas yer?" roared Fritz.

The old sailor essayed to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and a deathly pallor overspread his face.

He closed his eyes as the beast's hot breath fanned his cheeks, unable to bear any longer the fearful suspense he was in, and nerved himself to meet his death as calmly as possible.

CHAPTER XV.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

The desperation of Jack Wright's position was intense in the extreme, for the fagots piled up around his body ignited

with a rapidity that was startling, and the flames and smoke enveloping his body his heart sank like lead.

All along he had buoyed up his courage with the hope that his friends would search for him and come to his rescue ere his enemies could burn him at the stake.

Now, however, that cherished hope fled.

His enemies began to chant and perform a death dance around his funeral pyre, and he began to gasp and choke and sting all over from the heat of the fire.

Then all hope fled.

"I am doomed, indeed!" he groaned.

Through the dense clouds of smoke he saw the jubilant reds prancing around the stone altar and golden pole to which he was fastened to perish.

His aching eyes then wandered away to the face of Jacinto Velasquez, and he saw a diabolical grin of fiendish delight contorting the dark face of the young Mexican gambler.

Velasquez's hour of triumph had arrived.

He was gloating like a demon over his victim's sufferings.

Poor Jack's brain began to swim.

His fortitude brought such a strain on his mind that he was fast lapsing into unconsciousness.

Faster and fiercer burned the heap of fagots, until the flames began to singe the boy's hair and lap his face.

The suffering he underwent was beyond description.

But right in the midst of it there sounded the hasty clatter of mustang's hoofs, and into the square dashed an Indian, mounted on a fiery little pony.

His attire proclaimed him to be chief.

With one keen glance he took in the scene, and a cry pealed from his lips—a cry of anger that made his braves tremble.

Leaping from his mustang beside the burning pyre, he kicked the fagots right and left, tore a knife from his girdle, cut Jack free, and pulled him away from the post.

Everybody was astonished at this, and a murmur ran from mouth to mouth among them.

"The chief! The chief!" they cried.

Revived to a realization of what was going on by his violent and sudden removal from the heat, Jack fastened his burning, feverish eyes upon the chief.

"Red Jim!" he gasped in amazement.

It was the Indian whom he had saved from death from the rattlesnake's bite.

The man was the head chief of all the redskins who swarmed in the Cave Valley, and had shown that he was grateful to the boy for what he had done.

He turned a frowning, wrathful glance upon his men.

"Maledictions upon you all!" he cried, his black eyes flashing and his bosom heaving as he drew himself up. "Why have you dared to burn a white prisoner at the stake during my absence?"

A death-like silence followed.

No one dared venture to speak.

They all saw how enraged the chief was.

Jack had no time to recover himself, and although he did not understand a word of the Apache's language, the eloquent, suggestive tones and gestures plainly told him what was implied.

Pointing to Velasquez, the boy said in Spanish:

"He is the cause of my misery."

The flashing eyes of the chief were fastened threateningly upon the Mexican.

"Who is this man?" he asked in Spanish.

"A man who has sworn to kill me," answered Jack, in the same tongue.

"Ha! 'Tis then a case of vengeance?"

"For that reason he has joined your men."

"Hold!" interrupted Velasquez. "You defame me!"

"He lies!" angrily cried Jack.

"'Twas to warn you he was going to invade this valley with a strange machine, and rob you of your gold I came," said the Mexican.

"His plan was to get it himself when he balked me!" cried Jack. "He is a bad man, Red Jim, a very bad man."

By this time the subordinate chief recovered his wits.

"Why do you defend the paleface boy?" he asked Red Jim.

"Because I owe him my life," was the curt reply.

"You do not know how many of our braves he has killed?"

"No; but I am convinced that he would not have done it unless they gave him provocation."

"They simply were defending this valley against his in-

vasion. You yourself ordered them to keep all palefaces away!"

A look of anger crossed the chief's face, for he saw that the other chief was endeavoring to reprimand him, and it touched his dignity and pride to hear his scathing remarks.

The other chief was jealous of Red Jim, and wanted to succeed him as the head chief of the tribe.

"It makes no difference," sternly said Red Jim, scowling at the other. "The boy is my friend, and shall be protected."

"Not while he kills our warriors, as he has done."

Red Jim might have conceded this, under other circumstances.

But he was obstinate now against his own convictions.

He did not intend to let his rival try to dictate to him.

"I wish to hear no more about it!" he thundered.

"But you shall," coolly replied the other.

"Dog! Remember I am your chief."

"You have proven yourself a traitor!" hissed the other.

This was more than Red Jim could stand.

He became half insane with rage.

Withdrawing his tomahawk from his belt, he flung it at the other.

Through the air it whizzed like a shot.

The keen blade struck the other chief at the top of his forehead, and sinking into his skull stretched him dead on the ground.

Every one of the spectators were awe-stricken.

For a moment intense silence ensued.

Jacinto Velasquez turned deathly pale.

He saw that the tide of fortune was turning against him.

Red Jim pointed haughtily at the wretch.

"Seize that man!" he cried.

Two warriors obeyed him with alacrity.

"Bind him to the golden post!" said Red Jim.

This, too, was done.

"Heap a bundle of fagots about him, and set fire to them!"

A yell pealed from the terrified Mexican.

"Spare him!" implored Jack.

Red Jim shook his head.

"No!" he replied. "He was the friend of my bitterest foe! He must die!"

The Indians heaped the fagots around Velasquez.

"Pity me!" the Mexican yelled frantically. "Spare me!"

Red Jim walked away.

"Go on with your work!" he said.

Then he beckoned to Jack to follow him, and glad to escape from the harrowing sight, the boy obeyed.

They passed into the golden temple.

CHAPTER XVI.

ENTOMBED WITH A SNAKE.

The peril Tim was in was soon observed by Fritz as he went hurrying toward the snarling jaguar, and the Dutch boy raised his rifle, and, aiming at the beast, fired.

Bursting inside of the monster's body, the ball tore a hole in the beast and caused it to bound high up in the air.

It came down with a thud and rolled over and over.

"I'm safe!" gasped Tim, arising, bathed in a cold sweat.

Tim now joined Fritz.

Fritz started the motor again, and they finally came to an opening in the wall on a level with the plateau.

Steering the Hurricane into it, she passed almost all the way through, when, with a sudden shock, she stuck fast.

There she was wedged in the narrow passage, defying all their efforts to move her either back or forth, and they spent several hours in an ineffectual attempt to get her out.

"There is only one way to do now," said Hopkins, at last. "We must blast away the rock to release the hubs of the wheels."

This plan was carried out, but it was late in the afternoon before they managed to get the motor out of the uncomfortable position in which it had become lodged.

She ran out upon the plateau.

Every one of the three by this time had become downhearted.

The protracted absence of Jack filled them with alarm. Secretly they thought he had been murdered by the Apaches, yet they did not mention this suspicion.

Where to look in the great caverns for him none knew, for not a sign of any of the Indians had been seen.

The motor made a complete circuit of the sunken valley,

but only perpendicular walls were encountered on all sides, except where they made their entrance.

The Hurricane had paused among some trees and our friends partook of a frugal supper without saying a word to each other.

Fritz lit his pipe, and leaving the motor, he examined all of her outside machinery as closely as he could.

Everything was in good order.

The car of the motor was excessively battered up by the bombardment of rocks she received from the Indians, but nothing was broken and Fritz was satisfied.

He sat down beneath a tree and took Bismarck from his pocket to fondle him.

It was a dead oak and very much decayed.

Above his head he heard a clock-like noise, and glancing up he was surprised to see a large bird.

It was two feet in length, its plumage black and white, with a gorgeous scarlet crest, very brilliant to behold.

The bird was one of the largest woodpeckers in the world, and its peculiarity was to feed upon one tree a fortnight at a time, thus causing the tree at last to fall down.

Fritz was amazed at the size of the bird, and reached for a pistol to bring it down, when with a sudden lurch the decayed tree fell over on him, and Bismarck uttered a scream.

It was soft and yielding, but it dealt the Dutch boy a blow sufficiently hard to knock him spinning into a mass of bushes.

To his amazement he went crashing through them into a hole in the ground, and felt himself falling through space.

A yell of alarm pealed from his lips and he crushed through some bushes. Then he struck the bottom of the pit.

"Donner vetter!" he roared, as myriads of stars danced before his eyes. "Vher I vhas? Who's der matter? Vot habbened?"

A yell from Bismarck aroused him.

It was pitch dark down in the hole.

Fritz scrambled to his feet, and lighting a match he held it up.

By the tiny flame he saw that he had fallen into a dried-up well, the sides of which were overgrown with rank shrubbery.

This discovery was no sooner made when he heard a hiss. "Shnakes!" roared the Dutch boy, aghast.

Bismarck flew up in the air to the top of the level, fifteen feet overhead, and disappeared from view.

Fritz looked up after him, when to his horror he saw a large rock-snake coiled around a sapling overhead.

The horrible thing might come down in the darkness and attack him, and in the gloom he would not be able to see it, but would have to give it battle in the dark.

With a shiver of dread, as he saw the rock-snake's head descending, he recoiled against the wall and thrust the burning brand up at the snake, when, with a double hiss, it recoiled.

Up to the overhanging bough it drew its long, sinuous body, and a sigh of relief burst from the frightened Dutch boy's lips.

He watched it closely and saw it remain quiet for several moments entirely out of his reach.

Fritz could not climb up the shrubbery of the well without passing the monster, and dared not attempt it for fear it might bury its fangs in his body.

Meantime the burning stick was fast dwindling away, and he saw that it could only last about five minutes longer.

He raised his voice in a shout for help.

But his voice sounded dull and smothered down in that dismal hole, and he knew that his friends could not hear it.

Still he kept on shrieking at the top of his voice.

Smaller and still smaller became his tiny torch.

No one answered his wild, appealing cries, and presently the light on the stick sputtered and went out.

Deep, dense gloom filled the well.

Then Fritz's most intense fears arose.

He could see the circular patch of dark-blue sky overhead and against it were outlined the dark forms assumed by the shrubbery lining the smooth walls of the well.

The rock-snake remained invisible and Fritz crouched back against the bottom, his heart beating like a trip-hammer.

Presently a long, dark object dropped down toward him again, the long, squirming outline looking dark and gloomy.

Nearer and nearer it came and touched his cheek.

Poor Fritz uttered a terrible scream and beat it away with his hands.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

Red Jim led the young inventor into a huge room in the temple, the roof supported by grand columns of gold, grotesquely carved and chased with strange devices.

In the middle of the apartment there was a fountain of natural spring water spurting up into the air in a beautiful basin; around the floor, in various places, magnificent cactus bushes grew up, and in niches in the walls pine-knot torches were blazing smokily, lighting up the scene.

It was a place of barbaric splendor, for at one side there was a raised dais on which stood an altar, and upon it was a solid globe of polished gold, five feet in diameter, to represent the sum which the Tarahumaris worshiped.

The Apache came to a pause at the foot of the stairs, and motioning the still faint boy to be seated, Jack flung himself down and looked questioningly at the chief.

"I have shown my gratitude," said Red Jim moodily, after an interval of silence, and he used the Spanish language fairly well, as he saw that Jack understood it perfectly.

"You have been very kind to me," admitted the boy.

"But you have killed many of my warriors."

"I had to do it."

"Well, it makes me feel very bitter."

"Why did you bring me here?"

"To get away from my people, and ask you to leave here."

"Remember, I have come hundreds of miles for your gold."

"But my people resent your intrusion."

"I cannot help it. In my motor I am more powerful than they."

"Will you not leave and stir up no insurrection?"

"Conditionally, Red Jim."

"I have avenged you on your enemy."

"He was a murderer and deserved death."

"What are your conditions?"

"I prefer to depart in peace, but want as much of the gold from this city as my engine will carry away."

"Is that all you want of it?"

"Yes."

"And you will depart in peace?"

"Gladly."

"Do you swear it by the great Manitou?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall trust you. One so brave must be honest." Jack was delighted at this arrangement.

The Hurricane was capable of carrying five tons of the metal, which, if of a good quality and well refined, would bring over two million dollars if sold in civilization!

"Will your people molest us if we do this?" he asked.

"Not after I explain the case. They must obey me," proudly said Red Jim.

"Then to-morrow we shall be here and take away the gold."

"Good. And I shall point out the portion you can have. Now, remain here until I speak to my warriors. When I return I shall accompany you to your strange wagon and to-morrow you may leave us in peace."

"You are a better man than most of your tribe."

"I am grateful. We are noble. My men are wild and untutored, and only fight for their rights. From constant enmity and cruelty they have come to regard all white men their mortal foes. I have been educated by a missionary at the reservation. That is why I am a wise leader for them."

He left Jack to inspect the beautiful temple, and returned to his people, whom he harangued for some time. When he finally returned he wore a pleasant smile.

"Well?" queried Jack, in eager tones.

"My people will do my bidding," he replied.

"Splendid! And may I go now?"

"Yes. Come with me."

"But I do not know where the motor is."

"Have no fear. I do. It has constantly been watched by my people."

He led the boy from the city of gold by a tunnel in the wall leading downward, and they presently reached a solid wall of stone at the end of it.

Red Jim gave it a push.

It worked on a pivot, and opened like a door, giving them access to the plateau, not far from where the motor stood.

"There is your wagon," he said, pointing at it.

"Where shall I find you to-morrow?" queried Jack.

"At the door from whence we just emerged."

"Good-night!"

The chief waved his hand and stalked away.

Jack watched him a moment, and then approached the motor.

"He is a good fellow!" he muttered. "His gratitude saved my life."

Tim and Hopkins gave a yell of delight upon seeing the boy come aboard safe and sound, and the next moment they were heartily shaking his hands.

In a few words he explained what happened, and in return learned what they had been doing.

"But where is Fritz?" he asked, looking around.

"He went out a few moments ago, dear boy, but will return soon, no doubt," said the professor.

They waited a few moments, when suddenly there came a voice crying:

"Jack! Jack!"

"Hello!" said the boy, with a start. "Who's that?"

"Come here! Come here!"

The boy opened the door, and peering out saw Bismarck perched on the handrail at the side.

"Why, the parrot has broken loose!" said the boy.

He reached out to grasp Bismarck, when the bird hopped away.

Jack followed it to the ground, but the wise creature flew away to the bushes through which its master fell, and cried:

"Papa's down here! Papa's down here! Poor papa! Pretty papa!"

"Eh? What's that?" demanded Jack, approaching.

The boy observed the hole in the ground amid the bushes, and taking Bismarck's words for granted he peered down.

Just then Fritz yelled for help.

The boy heard him, and realized that he had fallen into the hole.

Running back to the motor, praising Bismarck for his sagacity, the young inventor procured a long rope, and explained what he had discovered to Tim and Hopkins.

The professor accompanied Jack to the old well, and Tim remained behind on guard of the Hurricane.

Upon reaching the well they found the faithful parrot still sitting among the bushes, growling:

"Papa's down here! Papa's down here!"

Lowering the rope into the aperture, it reached Fritz.

Touching his cheek, he had been deceived into the belief that it was the rock-snake which had been menacing him.

"Fritz!" shouted Jack. "Catch this rope!"

The frightened young Dutchman heard him and realized that the object he took for a snake was really a good stout rope, and he instantly seized hold and convinced himself of the fact.

"Shack! Shack!" he bawled gleefully.

"Yes, Fritz, it's me! Got the rope?"

"I tink so. But shust send me down some matches vonct."

Jack dropped several down.

Eagerly Fritz grasped them, and igniting one, he held it aloft, and looked for the rock-snake, but it was gone.

It had been frightened into its hole by the fiery stick the Dutch boy had jabbed at it, and was now invisible.

Seeing that he could now get past the place where it had been lying, Fritz fastened the rope around his body.

"Hoist away!" he cried cheerily.

Jack and the professor dragged him out of the well.

He was pretty near exhausted when he reached the surface, and had not entirely recovered from the effects of the fright he had over the appearance of the rock-snake.

It was some time ere he recovered sufficiently enough to speak, and then it was only to give way to an incoherent jumble of delight over the safe return of Jack.

He explained to them after that what had occurred to him, and when they told him what his pet had done to save his life his joy knew no bounds.

Grasping Bismarck up in the excess of his joy, he kissed the parrot again and again, whereupon Bismarck became offended, and catching him by the nose, gave him a severe bite.

Fritz yelled for his friends to take the parrot away, and then changed his honeyed praises into such a violent tirade of abuse that the bird sought safety, flying back to the motor.

They followed him, and the adventures they passed through affording them a topic for conversation, they sat up half the night talking the matter over, after which the

watch was divided, and, separating, two of them retired for sleep.

Jack and Hopkins remained on watch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LOAD OF GOLD.

On the following morning, after breakfast, Jack entered the pilot-house of the Hurricane, and putting her in motion, he steered her across the valley to the cliffs.

Although he had told Red Jim that he would be at the stone door in the cliff, he did not know where to find it, and might have spent a long time looking for it, if he had not seen the chief standing near the spot.

Steering the motor up to him, the boy brought it to a pause, and passed outside on the platform.

"You have been waiting for me, I see?" he remarked, in Spanish.

"Since sunrise," replied the chief, in the same language. That was two hours previous.

It showed what stoic patience the Indian had.

"Are you ready to fulfill your promise?" asked Jack.

"At once," replied the chief.

He pushed open the stone door, and, to Jack's amazement, a file of Indians, who had been waiting within the passage, came out, each one carrying a wicker basket filled with huge golden ingots.

"Hello! What does this mean?" cried the surprised boy.

"I have saved you the labor of gathering the gold," replied Red Jim quietly. "You and your friends can take the baskets and store them away on board of your singular wagon."

Jack called his friends, and forming a line, the baskets were taken from the Apaches one by one, and were passed along inside of the motor and stacked away.

In this manner the Hurricane was soon laden with tons of the precious metal.

More of it came, but when the cage, pantry and state-room were stacked with it, the boy refused to receive any more.

With a greater load the Hurricane would inevitably break down, so, reluctant as the boy was to refuse the rest of the gold offered to him, he had to do so for discretion's sake.

The motor could not carry a pound more than she then bore, for her broad wheels were already sinking in the ground.

"Enough," said the boy at last. "The motor is filled."

"Are you going now?" demanded Red Jim.

"There is nothing to keep us here any longer."

"You will keep faith with me?"

"Positively; and so will my friends. You are a good man, Red Jim. I have always been led to believe the Indians were a savage, cruel race, against whom the hand of every white man should be raised; but I find instead that you are a people of noble sentiments and high minds, made savage by being hunted like wild beasts and robbed of your possessions."

The chief became greatly agitated upon hearing this.

He warmly grasped Jack's hand and pressed it.

"You are one of the few whose heart is in the right place," he remarked excitedly. "Go among your nation and tell them what you have just said to me. Let my people be known for their good qualities as well as their bad. And now, farewell."

Jack took this as a request to depart.

He boarded the motor with his friends, and they entered the turret, started the machinery, and ran out into the big gorge again.

It was much easier to descend the mountain than to go up, and the motor, though heavily laden, behaved well.

They had not gone far, however, before they became aware that a troop of the Apaches were following them on mustangs down the cavern.

At their head rode the chief.

"See there!" said the boy, pointing back. "They are following us as an escort to the plains below."

"Bless me!" remarked Hopkins, "that man was grateful for the service you rendered him. I have seen a phase of the redskins' character hitherto unheeded by the white race."

"I tink so, neider," added Fritz, lighting his pipe

"Ye kin blow me now," said Tim, "but them 'ere redskins ain't a-goin' along in our wake fer nuthin', my lads. If they 'spected as we'd have clear sailin' they wouldn't heave along."

"What do you imply by that?" asked Jack.

"Thar's danger ahead, I'm sure."

"From what?"

"Outlaws or reds, mebbe."

"Just my impression, Tim."

"Den I exbect dot ve vhas keeb a outlook!" said Fritz.

The motor pressed on, and, still followed by the Apaches at some distance in the rear, they reached the foothills late in the afternoon, and then the cause of the Indian escort became apparent to our friends.

Below them in a valley there was an encampment at which the young inventor directed his glass, whereupon he saw that it consisted of a large body of Mexicans.

The faces of several of them looked familiar to Jack.

"I recognize them now!" he exclaimed. "They are some of the men who attacked us in the pueblo to which the professor was carried from El Paso."

"Dose Abaches must haf knowed dot dey vhas dere," said Fritz.

"No doubt, as they have spies out all over," replied Jack.

He took control of the wheel.

Just then Tim, who was watching the Mexicans through a large field-glass, gave utterance to a cry of surprise.

"Heaven save us, they're armed wi' cannons!" said he.

A look of intelligence flashed over Jack's face.

"Now I see what their plan is!" said he.

The others looked at him inquiringly.

"What do you mean, dear boy?" asked Hopkins.

Jack uttered a laugh.

"When Jacinto Velasquez got among them," said he, "the rascal very likely organized this gang, and made a rendezvous with them here. His plan must have been to get up to the Cave Valley, locate the gold, then escape the Indians. Then he evidently intended to join this crowd, swarm up the canyon, and lead them to the plateau, carrying everything before him with those mountain howitzers."

This idea seemed plausible.

In order to proceed, Jack had to send the motor straight through the Mexicans' encampment.

He fearlessly drove the Hurricane ahead, and the sentinels of the encampment espied it as it appeared on the crest of an elevation over the encampment.

The whole camp was aroused, and several of the howitzers were swung into position and loaded.

A few moments later a thunder of reports pealed from them, and the shots came flying up at the Hurricane.

Jack brought her to a pause.

"We can't go on without losing our lives," said he.

"Why don't yer fight ther lubbers?" growled Tim.

"I shall. Here come the Apaches."

None of the shots fired struck the motor, but several of them burst around her in dangerous proximity.

"There are the Mexican's friends," said Red Jim, galloping up to the motor. "We hoped to aid you to pass them, but against such big guns we are powerless."

"You knew they were Velasquez's friends, then?" asked Jack.

"I did. That is principally why I caused his death. He designed to learn the secrets of Cave Valley, lead them up, and destroy us to get the precious metal from the Golden City of the Sierra."

"Have no alarm. I shall exterminate the rascals," said Jack. "Watch them, Red Jim, and you will soon see them perish."

There was a ring of determination to Jack's tones, which impressed the savage chieftain with confidence in the boy's ability to carry out his threat.

The pneumatic gun was loaded.

Carefully aiming it at the row of guns operated by his enemies, Jack discharged a shot at them.

Away whistled the cylinder through the air.

It had been accurately aimed, and struck its mark.

There sounded a terrific explosion, a cloud of dust and dirt flew up in the air, and when it cleared away the Apache chief saw that the Mexicans' guns were blown to pieces, and several of the men with them.

"Wonderful!" he muttered. "Such an engine of war I never saw before. The boy must be more than natural."

Jack saw that he had spread consternation among his enemies, and a grim smile played over his face.

The Mexicans were hastily mounting their horses.

Again the boy aimed the gun.

A volley of rifle shots came up from the Mexicans, but they did no harm to the motor or its occupants.

"Watch that crowd huddled together there!" shouted the boy.

Then he discharged the gun.

It was accurately aimed.

The projectile struck among the Mexicans with a sullen roar, and burst, scattering destruction among them.

Such firing was more than they could stand.

Cries of horror pealed from the remainder of the gang, and turning their mounts down towards the plains below, they rode away at full speed.

A shout of delight pealed from Jack's friends.

"Foller dem vonct!" yelled Fritz excitedly. "Don'd led em get away."

"The motor is too heavily laden to do so," replied Jack.

"Thar ain't no need," said Tim. "Looker thar!"

The Apaches, with a chorus of yells, started their ponies off down the hill at a furious gallop, and with waving spears they rode down the hillside like a cyclone in pursuit of the flying Mexicans, led by Red Jim.

On and away they went, a yelling horde, bent upon wreaking vengeance upon the rascals who had designed to slay them, and their fleet-footed mustangs rapidly gained on the others.

Sweeping along as impetuous as wildfire, they reached the plain below, and went off in hot pursuit of the Mexicans, who rode away for dear life.

From the crest of the hill Jack and his friends watched the furious charge of the bucks, and saw them soon catch up with their enemies.

In a moment there arose a cloud of dust as the Mexicans and Indians came together.

Pistol shots, shouts and flying mustangs soon made up a fearful scene as the Mexicans turned upon their pursuers and gave them fight.

It lasted a long time.

Jack started the Hurricane ahead.

"Not one of those Mexicans will escape!" he remarked.

"I hope not, savage and cruel as 'the wish is," replied Hopkins.

When the Hurricane reached the plain they came to the stream they once had trouble to cross, upon the banks of which the fight was going on, and followed its border.

Soon about half the Apaches rode by, not one of whom escaped getting wounded.

They silently lowered their spear points as a salute in passing, and our friends saw that their girdles were ornamented with the gory scalps of the exterminated Mexicans.

They soon disappeared up in the canyon, leaving half their numbers behind them slain; but not one of the Mexicans escaped.

Jack then started the Hurricane on its homeward trip.

They had to proceed slowly on account of the load on the motor, but they finally got through the mountains to the eastward side without accident, and then made for El Paso.

Upon reaching the frontier the papers furnished them by the Mexican government gave them free passage through.

In due time El Paso was reached, and here the gold was packed in cases, and the Hurricane was taken apart.

Their trip in the motor was ended.

It was packed up along with their apparatus, and with the gold was put aboard of a northbound train.

Upon their arrival at St. Louis the gold was sold, and they realized a larger fortune than they anticipated, which was divided up among them, as usual.

Then they went on to Wrightstown, where they arrived in due course of time, with the monkey and the parrot and all their effects, without further accident.

The professor here left them and returned to New York, delighted with the fossils and relics he had picked up on the trip.

Jack Wright's object had been accomplished, and the Hurricane was stored away for future use; our friends were happy and contented, and they soon settled down in the regular routine of their lives again.

Next week's issue will contain "LITTLE MAC. THE BOY ENGINEER; OR, BOUND TO DO HIS BEST."

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Unless addressed to company and regiment, mail will be delayed and probably returned to writer as undeliverable. The designations in parentheses following the regimental number are used in the case of National Guard and National Army men to indicate the State from which the organization (or the bulk of it) was drawn. Each letter and parcel should bear also the name and address of the sender.

It is highly important, the department points out, that these forms be strictly followed. The co-operation of the public in this regard will not only aid the Post-Office Department to carry through an extra big task efficiently, but it will facilitate the prompt receipt of mail by the soldiers.

The Post-Office Department has announced that Christmas packages must be in the mails by November 15.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Navy now has in service more than three times as many men and nearly three times as many vessels as when war was declared.

The Navy and Marine Corps constitute a force of more than a quarter of a million men. On April 6 there were 64,680 enlisted men in the regular Navy; now there are 143,726, an increase of 79,046. The Naval Reserve force has increased from about 10,000 to 49,000; 14,500 Naval Militia are in the Federal service; the Coast Guard, with its force of 5,000, has been transferred to the Navy for the duration of the war; the Hospital Corps has been increased from 2,000 to 6,500. The Marine Corps has increased from 13,266 enlisted men on April 6 to an enlisted strength, with reserves of 32,348. There are about 12,000 officers in the Navy and 1,122 in the Marine Corps.

Hundreds of vessels of various types, yachts and fast motor-boats, have been taken over and transformed into patrol boats, submarine chasers, mine sweepers, and the various types needed for anti-submarine warfare, coast defense, and other purposes.

The Atlantic fleet comprises twice as many vessels as in peace times. Every battleship and cruiser that was in reserve has been fully manned and commissioned. Every warship is now a training school for the instruction of men in gunnery and engineering, and notable results have been achieved, especially in target practise with guns of the smaller calibers used in fighting submarines.

Thousands of expert gunners are serving in the gun crews on American merchantmen, which have been armed to repel attacks by U boats.

Since early in May, a month after war was declared, United States destroyers have been operating with the navel forces of our allies in European waters in the campaign against the submarines. Practically all our merchant ships are now convoyed by naval vessels.

The Navy has organized, manned, and is operating the transport service and convoys the vessels carrying American armies to Europe. The largest ship construction programme in history is being carried out by the Navy, comprising hundreds of vessels of various types from superdreadnoughts to submarine chasers. Months ago contracts were let for every destroyer the American yards could build, and a considerable extension of shipbuilding facilities has been arranged to build the large additional number provided for in the bill now pending in Congress. New records in construction are being made, destroyers which formerly took 20 to 22 months to complete, now being scheduled for completion in half that time.

Twenty training camps have been erected, accommodating 85,000 men, to provide for housing and training of recruits.

Navy yards have been enlarged; immense foundries, machine shops and warehouses erected; work is being pushed on drydocks, shipways and piers. A big projectile plant is being erected at Charleston, W. Va., and a \$1,000,000 aircraft factory at Philadelphia. Extensions of the Naval Gun Factory will make that plant one of the largest of its kind. The entire "shore building" programme embraces an expenditure of \$100,000,000.

Work is proceeding rapidly on the fleet operating base at Hampton Roads, which will include training station for 10,000 men, aviation station, submarine base, coal piers, storage facilities for fleet supplies, and various other features.

HUSTLING JOE BROWN

—OR—

THE BOY WHO KEPT THE TOWN CLOCK

By WILLIAM WADE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVIII (Continued).

"I had rather stay at the hotel, sir. I am not used to a house like this."

"I understand. You are quite right. I wish sometimes that I could get back to simple living, but that cannot be. Well, go and see your men, and come to see me this time to-morrow, and we will talk matters over further."

This practically ended the interview.

The address of Jacob Grimes was a certain number on lower Broadway, and there Joe dismissed his cab.

The elevator took him far up into one of the tallest skyscrapers, and at last he found himself standing in front of a glass door which bore the sign:

"National Cartridge Works, New Haven, Conn. Jacob Grimes, President."

"And now what luck here?" thought Joe.

He opened the door with a feeling that it was not to such easy sledding as it had been with Mr. Noble.

The elegance of the office furnishing rather overawed him.

So did the pompous man behind the brass railing who demanded to know his business.

"Mr. Grimes is in, but he is engaged just at present," said the man. "Who are you from?"

"I have a letter for him," replied Joe.

"Who from?"

"I will explain to Mr. Grimes."

"You will explain to me or not at all. Give me the letter."

"I was told to give it to Mr. Grimes personally."

"Get out," cried the man. "Grimes won't see you, that's all."

He turned away, evidently expecting that Joe would do the same.

But our hustling hero was not that sort.

Although entirely uncertain what he ought to do, Joe was positive on one point.

Unless he was put out by force he had no intention of leaving the office until he had delivered his letter to Mr. Grimes.

For some minutes the man paid no attention to him, but at length he came forward and said:

"Look here, young man, either you give me that letter or you get out of this office, do you understand?"

Joe concluded to give up the letter.

"Who is it from?" demanded the man again.

"I shan't tell you, and that's all there is about it," replied Joe. "The letter is for Mr. Grimes. If you don't deliver it to him it's not my fault."

With a surly grunt the man passed into a private office, out of which he presently came, and began writing in a big book, paying no further attention to Joe.

After a little the door of the inside office opened, and to Joe's astonishment out walked P. H. Dodger.

He came out from behind the railing, and went out of the office without even looking at Joe.

This looked bad.

Joe began to give up hope, when a bell rang in the private office and the man went inside again.

He immediately came out and, pressing a spring, opened the railing gate.

"In there," he snarled, pointing to the private office with his pen.

Joe passed in to find himself facing a stout, pompous man who sat at a desk.

"What's your name?" he demanded in a tone which froze Joe up at once.

"Joseph Brown, sir," he replied.

Mr. Grimes took up the letter.

"Do you know," he said, "that this letter purports to have been written by a man whom I have every reason to believe is dead. Are you trying to trick me? Speak!"

"There is no trick about it!" flashed Joe. "The man who wrote that letter is William Noble. You will find that he is very much alive. If you don't believe me, you can call his brother up on the telephone. I didn't come here to be insulted, and what's more, I don't propose to be. Good-day."

Joe was bursting.

He was not accustomed to the modern way of doing-business in New York.

"Stay," said Mr. Grimes. "Just shut that door. Take a chair. I want to talk to you."

"I don't know whether I want to talk to you or not," retorted Joe.

He was thinking of Dodger.

He felt certain that he had got into the wrong pew.

But this was Joe's ignorance. He was judging from appearances, which is always a mistake.

"You had better moderate your tone, young man," said Mr. Grimes, coldly. "But I see you do not understand business ways very well. I want to know more of this matter. Say your say."

But there was a big lump in Joe's throat. He felt that he could do no hustling here.

But just then the helpless condition of the poor workmen at Reddington came to his mind.

He pulled himself together and resolved to do his best.

And his best was never better.

Naturally a good talker, Joe seemed to gain confidence as he spoke.

He was not slow in perceiving that Mr. Grimes was becoming deeply interested.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT NEWS

Joseph Levy, of Pittsburgh, who pleaded guilty of impersonating Frank Daniels, son of the Secretary of the Navy, was sentenced to two years in the Atlanta Federal penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., on October 8. Posing as young Daniels, Levy obtained loans and letters to prominent persons and succeeded also in gaining admittance to the New York Navy Yard.

A bulldog belonging to James Gartin, a farmer living northeast of Rushville, Ind., saved Gartin from being trampled to death by a vicious bull. The bull attacked Gartin while he was leading it from the field, and had knocked him down the third time when the dog appeared and offered fight, attracting the bull's attention until Gartin could get out of the field.

A golden eagle, measuring $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet between the tips of its extended wings, was killed southwest of Elwood, Ind., near Aroma, recently, by Arza Leeman. The bird was brought here to be mounted. Leeman was sowing wheat when the eagle flew over his head and alighted in a near-by wood. Running to the house, he obtained a shotgun and brought down the bird at the first shot.

It is reported that the French are making extensive use of electricity at the front, including the operation of all kinds of excavating machines. Working in ordinary earth, four men with two wheelbarrows and a machine driven by an electric motor can shift from twenty-five to thirty-five tons a day. In a month a shelter with sleeping accommodations for 500 men can be dug by a single company.

Special Officer Harry Klein of Santa Monica, Cal., has a new coat. This fact in itself is not very important, but the disappearance of the old coat is something to marvel at. It disappeared, brass buttons and braid, down the throats of three goats who found it hanging on a line. The coat had been saturated with gasoline to clean out the spots. Apparently the goats liked the gasoline, for they left nothing of the coat.

Resolution pledging loyalty to the government of the United States and declaring that Swedish-Americans view with profound concern the exposures showing that the Swedish diplomatic office has been improperly used by Germans in Argentina and Mexico were unanimously adopted at a loyalty meeting in Carnegie Hall, the other night. More than 3,000 native born Swedes or Americans of Swedish descent were present. The principal speaker was former Governor Adolph Olson Eberhart of Minnesota.

Payment of increases in pensions of widows of men who fought in the Civil and Spanish Wars and the Philippine insurrection, provided by an amendment to the pension law attached to the Service Insurance bill, will begin with the disbursements Nov. 4. The pensions were raised to \$25 a month, the increases ranging from \$5 to \$13 a month. Applications are not required from those affected by the amendment. The increase does not apply to widows of soldiers of the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Indian wars, or Army nurses.

In the baseball cage at Yale University was placed, on October 3, the newly arrived battery of 75-millimeter guns, caissons and equipment sent by the French government for use of the Yale artillery companies. The guns have been in service on the Western front and show much camouflage. They are the first guns of this type to arrive in this country and are for instruction purposes. Captain Dupont, a French artillery officer, is at New Haven to assist Captain Overton and his Canadian officers to organize the course of instruction, and Prof. E. B. Reed has prepared a book of French and English military terms with special reference to the artillery. The guns were sent to the university on the recommendation of M. Andre Tardieu, the French high commissioner, and the members of the French military commission to this country.

The famous schooner yacht America, which won the America's Cup and was for a short period used as a training ship by the midshipmen at Annapolis, has been purchased by a syndicate of members of the Eastern Yacht Club. There is a plan for using the America as some sort of a nautical museum either at Boston or Marblehead, although several Boston yachtsmen are urging that she be presented to the government and sent to Annapolis. Considering that we are a maritime nation, there has been too little done in this country in the way of creating a really worth-while nautical museum. If such really historical vessels as the Constitution, Constellation and America were assembled in a basin at Washington, together with reproductions of historic craft such as the steamboat Clermont and the Half Moon, now in New York State, there would be the foundation of a unique nautical museum worthy of the naval and merchant fleet traditions of the United States. A shore museum adjoining the basin could contain the Navy's collections of models, and this museum would serve to foster a spirit of love for the Navy and the merchant service that must be sedulously cultivated if we are to have the necessary supply of officers and men to man our greater Navy and our promised enormous fleets of merchantmen.

NEWS OF THE DAY

BROTHER TAKES BRIDEGROOM'S PLACE.

Miss Alice Pratt, eighteen years of age, who has big brown eyes and rosy cheeks, appeared at the office of Squire M. P. Tierney, at Northumberland, Pa., to become the bride of John Bordner, a neighbor, she said. With her was Frank Bordner, a brother of the prospective bridegroom.

The time was set for three o'clock, and when John did not appear for the nuptials, great tears sprang into her eyes. Frank spoke words of pity, and then asked the use of the "squire's" private office. In a few minutes both returned, smiling.

"It's all right, squire," said Frank. "She was my sweetheart first, anyhow, and she has consented to become my bride instead of John's."

A hurried trip was made to the courthouse, a new marriage license was procured, and in a few minutes they were made husband and wife.

TARANTULA BITES WOMAN.

Mrs. Ruth Schlegel, No. 1515 Kelly street, Indianapolis, Ind., was bitten by a large tarantula, while picking bananas from a stalk one night recently, in the Schlegel grocery owned by her husband at Shelby and Wade streets.

Presence of mind and prompt action on her part in tying a cord around the first finger of the right hand, on which she was bitten, thereby shutting off the circulation, probably saved her life. She received immediate medical treatment and is believed to be out of danger.

The tarantula was killed by Mr. Schlegel, and is being saved by Mrs. Schlegel in a jar of alcohol. The poisonous specimen was one of the largest, it is believed, that was ever seen here. It was one of the black species.

"GRANDMA" FRANKLIN FILES A NEW CLAIM

Instead of sitting on a front porch knitting, as most women of her age do, Mrs. Malinda Franklin, eighty-five years old, recently came to Billings, Mont., and filed on an additional homestead of 160 acres. "Grandma," as she is affectionately called by her friends, was accompanied by her son, granddaughter and great-grandson.

Six years ago, when she was seventy-nine years old, she filed on 170 acres in Carbon County. She still lives on that place, raising live stock. The tract which she recently filed on adjoins her original filing.

"I do not think much of grain," Mrs. Franklin said. "I've got a nice bunch of calves. They're getting big and I need more pasture to keep them until they are grown."

Mrs. Franklin when a young woman left Virginia in a wagon train and went to St. Joseph, Mo. Sixteen years ago she came to Montana.

DECLINE IN U-BOAT SINKINGS.

Whatever may be the cause of the great drop in the losses of ships due to the U-boat, it cannot be denied that the low figure of only eight ships sunk of over 1,600 tons in the twenty-ninth week of unrestricted submarine warfare, is very encouraging. We do not know whether this result is due to a more vigorous anti-U-boat campaign and the use of new and more effective methods, or to the sinking of U-boats and a let-up in submarine activity. Probably both causes have been at work. For reasons best known to themselves, the Germans do not seem to be building submarines at the rate which was expected; but it is quite possible that they are constructing a new fleet of much larger boats, carrying guns of 5.9 caliber, and designed to operate on extended cruises far out in the Atlantic. If so, we may look for a rise in the rate of losses as soon as the submarines of this new type are commissioned and sent to sea in numbers.

BIRDS OF PREY VALUABLE.

Australia is regretting the laws passed some thirty years ago ordering the slaughter of hawks, owls, carrion crows or other birds that prey on young animals and birds. For these have now been almost wiped out, with the result, as described by W. P. Prycraft in the *Illustrated London News*, that "decaying bodies, numerous on sheep farms, have been left to be demolished by the larvae of the blow-flies, which have now increased to such an appalling extent as to threaten the sheep on the runs with destruction, the animals becoming 'fly-blown' and eaten up alive by this dangerous pest.

"Similarly, Victoria is complaining of the difficulty of saving the immense wheat stacks of the country from the plague of mice, which the absence of their natural enemies has begotten. Some protection has been secured by inclosing the stacks within sheets of galvanized iron, leaving convenient holes opposite tins sunk in the ground and filled with water. In this way as many as 10,000 flies have been caught in a single night. At Minyip recently the catch for two nights weighed rather more than a ton. Contemplate the cost of the corn bill for a ton of mice for a single week, and weigh this against the cost of a properly organized Bureau of Ornithology!"

And Mr. Prycraft warns Great Britain that she is rapidly nearing a similar condition by reason of her passion for protecting game birds against owls, hawks and their like.

OUT FOR MONEY

—OR—

A POOR BOY'S CHANCE IN A BIG CITY

By J. P. RICHARDS

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

"Take a packet of money with you," said the president, "and do all that is required. Then we will have plain-clothes men on hand who will nab your man."

Phil said he would do as they suggested, but only two hours later Butts came bursting into the bank and with him was Bess.

"Hallo!" cried Matthews, who was in front, and saw Butts come in, "where did you come from?"

"Is Phil in?" asked Butts. "De little kid just come home, an' I fetched her up here as quick as I could."

Matthews admitted Butts and the child, and sent for Phil, then asking:

"Well, Miss Bess, where have you been?"

"That horrid old woman and a man carried me away, but this morning when the door was open I just walked out."

"Well, if I ever!" said Phil, coming into the room.

Bess ran to the boy, kissed him on both cheeks, and then said:

"Well, I just walked and walked till I saw something I knew, and then I saw Butts, and he gave me something to eat and brought me up here in the cars."

"What do you think?" asked Phil. "Was it carelessness, or did they leave the door open purposely so that she might run out?"

"I don't know," said Matthews. "Did you have to walk far, Bess?"

"Yes, nine or ten blocks, and then I saw the City Hall and knew where I was."

"Where were you, East Side or West?"

"I don't know. Some place I never was to. I went under two elevated railroads."

"And whom did you see in the place?"

"Mother Judy and the man with the whiskers who came to Mrs. Mulligan's to supper that night."

"Yes, Hiram was in it, as I supposed. When did you wake up, Bess? When they took you out or later?"

"I don't know. The first thing I knew I was riding in the cars, and this man had me on his lap. I began to cry, and then he put something on my nose which smelled nasty, and then I don't know what I did. Anyhow, I was in a horrid house this morning, and Mother Judy was there, and said she was going to get a lot of money for me."

"Well, that lets me out of the engagement this

afternoon," laughed Phil, "and I don't suppose Hiram will keep it, either. I'd like to know what Waterbury has to do with the thing, though."

"Well, so-long," said Butts. "I gotter get over to de park. Say, you orter of seen Kit when I showed her de kid. She just went wild. She wouldn't come over here, but it's all right."

"I thought it would be, but I didn't suppose it would come out this way," said Phil. "I thought we'd have to hunt for Bess, and have a lot of trouble."

"You never can tell," said Butts. "Mebbe dey got scared an' let her get out, or dey might of been just careless an' let her get out without meanin' ter."

"Well, she's back again all right, anyhow," said Phil, "and the next thing to do is to nail Hiram Maynard and the old woman."

"I think the best thing to do is to take the little girl home and set Mrs. Matthews' mind at rest," said the president dryly. "You can take the rest of the day off, Philip."

Phil took it, thanking Mr. Wilson, and went at once to the Harlem flat, greatly relieving the mind of Jim's wife when he appeared.

The young woman hugged, kissed, and scolded the child, all in a breath, and then began to ask Phil so many questions till at last the boy broke in with a laugh:

"Hold up, Mrs. Jim; don't go so fast; I can't keep up with you. Go slow, and I'll tell you all about it."

Then the boy told his story and the young woman said:

"Well, I wanted to spank Kitty Mulligan last night, and I think I would have done it this morning if I had seen her. But now it's all right, and I guess she's learned a lesson."

"What did you want to spank Kitty for?" asked Bess. "She's a big girl. Big girls don't get spanked, only little ones. Mother Judy used to spank me dreadful, with a hairbrush."

"I guess she used it more on you than she did on herself," laughed Phil. "Her hair never looked as if it had seen a brush. Never mind, dear. She won't get hold of you again."

"Yes, but what did Kitty do?" persisted Bess.

"Nothing that did any harm," said Phil, and the child had to be satisfied with that.

"What I think," said Phil to Mrs. Matthews, "is that the old woman went out to get something to drink, and carelessly left the door unlocked."

"She may have been drinking before; very likely she had been, and was befuddled. I don't think she would be frightened. She was only careless."

"Then you think she would have held on to Bess, and tried to get money out of you?"

"Certainly. She may know who Bess is, probably she does. I'll hear from her again, you may be sure."

(To be continued.)

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

WOMEN CAN KNIT IN CHURCH.

Alliance, Ohio, women may take their khaki yarn and knitting needles to Trinity Episcopal Church Sundays and make socks and sweaters for the soldiers and the Red Cross Society. This announcement was made recently by the rector, the Rev. Robert Roy Remington, to the members of the Women's Guild. The offer was received enthusiastically, and it is expected many will both knit and listen to Mr. Remington's sermon.

FIRST SOLDIER APPLIES FOR HIS WAR INSURANCE.

The first application for a policy under the new Soldiers and Sailors' Insurance Law reached the Treasury Department the other day.

"Undersigned applies for \$10,000 insurance; wife will pay," Earl Hamilton Smith, a former Washington newspaper man cabled from Paris. Within a few minutes after receipt of the cablegram, government machinery which will give Smith the initial policy was operating.

TO AID CEMETERY WORKERS.

Sundays in Baltimore are to be without even funerals. Not that funerals are regarded as an unholy pastime or a sport, but in order that cemetery laborers may rest on the Sabbath and attend religious obligations, the Ministerial Union recently considered a kick from the graveyards and resolved to abolish the practise of holding obsequial ceremonies and delivering eulogies on the day of rest. The meeting of the union was held in the Y. M. C. A. Building.

The new rule will be broken only when such imperative conditions relative to health laws demand an infraction of the rules.

FAMILY WEIGHS OVER TON.

When Mrs. C. T. Lowe of Swanton, O., kissed her youngest, Richard, and started him toddling off to school the other morning just twenty-four years had elapsed since she started her first youngster for school; and not a year has passed during that time that she has not had one to five children attending school. She is the mother of fourteen children.

Both parents weigh over 200 pounds each and the grown children weigh from 175 to 200 pounds each, with one exception. The entire family tips the scales well above a ton.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe were married in Henry County when the mother was sixteen years old, and the children are all about two years apart. They moved here four years ago.

ONION CROP 13,554,150 BUSHELS.

Enormous increases in production of fall onions, cabbages and beans over last year are shown in

estimates announced by the Department of Agriculture.

Production of fall onions is forecast at 13,554,150 bushels on 41,300 acres, compared with 7,832,700 bushels last year on 28,400 acres. California leads with 3,348,000 bushels; New York is second with 2,881,200, and Ohio third with 1,966,000.

Production of cabbages is forecast at 691,820 tons on 73,200 acres, compared with 252,310 tons last year, on 40,800 acres. New York leads with 349,680 tons, almost four times as much as last year, and Wisconsin is second with 121,900 tons.

Almost double the quantity of beans is forecast, with 15,814,400 bushels in the five principal growing States—New York, Michigan, Colorado, New Mexico and California. California leads with 9,278,000 bushels; Michigan is second with 4,006,000 bushels.

A GIGANTIC WAREHOUSE.

The immense warehouse which the Navy Department is building at the New York Navy Yard is approaching completion. Eleven stories high, 180 feet wide and 360 feet long, it provides more than 700,000 square feet—sixteen acres—of floor space. Four floors, comprising five acres of space, are ready for the reception of supplies. All structural work, walls, and roof are done, and the building will be entirely finished by the middle of November. This marks the approaching termination of the engineering task undertaken by the Bureau of Yards and Docks only six months ago providing the large increase in storage facilities required to meet the needs of the expanding Navy. The Brooklyn warehouse is only one detail of a building programme involving an expenditure of over \$100,000,000, and is a good example of the rate at which this construction work is being put through. Funds for this building were provided March 29. Plans were at once prepared by Civil Engineer Leonard M. Cox, U. S. N., and the work was undertaken by the Turner Construction Company, New York, on May 2. In the five months that have elapsed the work has been pushed without intermission and the building stands structurally complete. In another month it will be finished in every detail. It is built of heavily reinforced concrete with channel brick curtain walls, large areas being glazed with steel sash. The total cost will be about \$1,200,000. The parade ground of the marine barracks was the only plot at the New York Navy Yard large enough to accommodate this warehouse, which occupies practically the entire quadrangle. Seven similar storage warehouses are being built for the Navy at other points, though none of the others is as large as the Brooklyn structure.

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BUSCH BUYS LIBERTY BONDS.

August A. Busch, president of the Anheuser Busch Brewing Association, and a personal acquaintance of the Kaiser, subscribed \$1,000,000 to the Liberty Loan, securing the bonds through the St. Louis Union Trust Company. Busch subscribed a like amount to the first issue.

Busch's mother at present lives in Germany, and soon after the war started in 1914 she turned a vast country estate there over to the care of wounded soldiers. He himself has visited in Germany, been entertained by the nobility, and on a number of occasions has associated with Kaiser Wilhelm.

MAKES FAMILY RICH.

It now looks as if the Perry family, of Hammond, La., is destined to become rich through good luck.

Some weeks ago J. E. Perry of Chicago, owner of valuable property in Louisiana, made a profit of \$17,000 on 102 acres of Irish potatoes. A story now comes from Chicago that his brother has just been forced to acquire wealth to the amount of \$5,000,000 as the direct result of owning land in Texas.

F. H. Perry, several years ago, was compelled to take over some land in the Lone Star State to satisfy a debt of \$200. Reluctantly he consented to take the tract of 1,280 acres. Recently he was informed that a quicksilver mine was found on his land.

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES EMPLOY ALL NEWPORT'S 1917 CLASS.

With the United States government bending every effort to build an unprecedented merchant marine, the graduation exercises of the New York State Nautical School, held on October 11, had an added interest.

Thirty men were graduated, and according to a statement of Capt. Felix Reisenberg, the services of every man in the class have been engaged by various steamship companies.

The present plans of the school contemplate cruises to Bermuda, Cuba, Panama and San Francisco, and while the student is getting the benefit of travel he is also learning a profession without cost to him except the cost of his clothes. The course covers two years. At present the training ship Newport is stationed at the recreation pier at the foot of Twelfth street, and examinations for entrance will be held soon. Pupils ranging from 19 to 20 years are especially desired and a diploma from a high school will admit the applicant without further mental examination.

TRAPPED BY INSULT SENT TO MRS. WILSON.

An abusive and insulting letter that was received at the White House by Mrs. Wilson caused the ar-

rest recently of Frank Haungs, a youth of German parentage, who has been employed by a large electrotyping establishment.

Haungs denied writing the missive, and Harold A. Content, assistant United States attorney, gave him pen and paper and told him to write from dictation. After comparing the specimens of handwriting produced with the letter, he caused the man's arraignment before United States Commissioner Samuel M. Hitchcock. The prisoner was held in \$5,000 bail.

The letter, which is unprintable, was addressed "Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, personal." On the back of the envelope was the name and address of the foreman of the establishment where Haungs had been working. Officials did not believe, however, that the sender would be so foolish as to put his own name and address on a letter of such a nature.

Officers Rubano and Carpenter of the Secret Service visited the foreman and questioned him. He told them that it looked to him like Haung's work. He said that the youth had expressed violently pro-German sentiments and bitter hatred for the President. The placing of his name on the envelope, he said, was probably an attempt at revenge for some imagined grievance.

OSTRICH CLEANS YARD.

John Stobbe, of No. 3574 East Third street, Salt Lake City, Utah, has an ostrich on his hands. Mr. Stobbe allows that it is some bird.

At first it was generally supposed that it had wandered away from Liberty Park, with a panel of wire fence in its craw. The only difficulty about this explanation was that the keeper found neither ostrich nor section of fence missing from his compound.

In the meantime, the puzzle that his presence in the neighborhood provoked did not disturb the ostrich. He appropriated the back yard of the Stobbe residence under squatter's right. The yard was strewn with pears and apples from fruit trees. These he cleared up forthwith, along with such pieces of broken dishes, knives, marbles, patchwork tins and other bright morsels that appealed to his sense of things edible.

Now the bird has settled down to watching for the falling of the apples and pears, unmindful of the decreasing supply on the trees. S. R. Lambourne, superintendent of the city parks, said that the bird undoubtedly belongs at the Wandemere resort. Insistence of many persons who telephoned to him that they had served the city by finding one of its ostriches led Mr. Lambourne to investigate when the bird had strayed. He notified the officials of the resort, but at last reports the ostrich was still holding down the outfield and infield in the Stobbe apple orchard.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1917.

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Good Current News Articles

"Good cheer bags" are to be supplied all the United States marines serving abroad. Mrs. George Barnett, wife of the major general commandant, has started a fund to supply the sea soldiers with the comforts needed overseas. An organization called "The Marine Corps Knitting League," with headquarters at Merion, Pa., has already supplied the marines with extra woollen garments.

The unusual volume in choruses of hymns sung by prisoners in the guardhouse at Fort Snelling, Minn., resulted in the discovery of a tunnel planned for their escape which had so nearly reached completion when found recently that but one layer of brick separated the 120 inmates from the open air. All day one Sunday the prisoners sang heartily, and it was noted that some hitherto unknown as singers were among the loudest participants. Officers say the increase in volume was for the purpose of drowning the noise of the men making the tunnel.

The Boston Navy Yard has received high commendation in the form of a note from the Secretary of the Navy, because of the splendid results secured in the repairing of three interned German ships whose names are withheld. The note reads as follows: "The successful completion of the great task of repairs on these ships, and the highly satisfactory speed trials of these vessels, is noted by the Department with the greatest satisfaction. Please inform the personnel of the navy yard and all the ships concerned that the Department commends them for the results of their efforts to fit these vessels for the important duties they are destined to perform."

The great plant which the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation is erecting on 1,500 acres of land along the banks of the Neponset River in Milton and Quincy for the construction of destroyers for the Navy, will be completed within the next three

months, says a Washington despatch to the Boston Transcript. Secretary of the Navy Daniels was assured on October 1 that all of the construction work will be finished by January 1. He said that the Fore River Corporation will begin to deliver destroyers to the Navy eight months hence, and that from that time on deliveries will be made at frequent intervals until the government's \$100,000,000 contract has been filled. This would seem to be an almost impossible feat, as a destroyer has never been built in this country in less than two years, and as work on the first destroyer to be delivered was begun only a few months ago. Mr. Daniels feels sure, however, that the delivery will be made, and that the Fore River concern, with its new plant, will establish one new record after another in constructing destroyers. The Quincy concern will require the services of 12,000 additional employees to operate the new plant.

Grins and Chuckles

Man—Hey, there, how came you up in my apple-tree? Boy—Please, mister, I just fell out of a flying machine.

Philomena—Why do you wear gloves while learning to play poker? Virginia—Because Jack told me never to show my hand.

"Why is a poodle on a frozen pond like a kiss?" asked one bachelor girl of another. "Because it's dog-on ice," said her slangy friend.

"Is there no way of stopping these cyclones?" asked a traveler who was relating his experiences in the Far West. "No," replied the narrator. "The best way is to go along with them."

Child—The heathens had a god for everything, didn't they? The Mother—Yes, dear. Child—Then who was the god that ruled over the kitchens? The Mother—I don't remember precisely, but I think it was the great god Pan.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, he chanced to pass the neighbor's place and saw the owner's son sitting on the edge of the pig-pen watching the new occupant. "How do you do, Johnny," said he. "How's your pig to-day?" "Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the little boy. "How's all your folks?"

Jimmy had not come up to his father's expectations in regard to his studies at school and an explanation was demanded. "Why is it," inquired the irate parent, "that you are at the bottom of the class?" "I can't see that it makes any difference whether I am at the top or the bottom," replied Jimmy pacifically. "You know they teach just the same at both ends."

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

SELLS HER POTATOES AT \$3.

Mrs. Winslow S. Pierce has gained the approbation of her less fortunate neighbors at Bayville, near Oyster Bay, N. Y., by offering to sell them their winter supply of potatoes at \$3 a barrel. She has made no home run hit with dealers, however, whose offer of \$4 and upward a barrel has been refused.

Mrs. Pierce had her gardeners plant a vast war garden on the estate at Pierce's Point. Most of the land was planted in potatoes and the yield was very large. If the Bayville people do not require all of Mrs. Pierce's potatoes, it is understood the remainder will be devoted to charity.

ABOUT SIX PER CENT. KILLED IN WAR.

If you, a drafted man, believe that statistics tell the truth, you will feel as safe in France as you usually do in the streets of New York. So says Roger W. Babson, the eminent statistician, quoted by the *Popular Science Monthly*. Furthermore, he says that the man who is connected with the heavy field artillery is no more likely to be killed than one in the employ of a railroad.

However, he does not hold out such high hopes for the lieutenants, sergeants and corporals, the death rate being very much greater among officers than among privates. Also, the mortality is higher among volunteer corps than among drafted men. Sixty men per thousand are now being killed in the war, and about one hundred and fifty men out of each thousand are wounded.

MARRIED BY TELEPHONE.

On the eve of the bridegroom's departure for France, Miss Rosalie Knight of Jakin, Ga., and Lieutenant J. O. Taylor, stationed at Hoboken, N. J., were married by long distance telephone. Miss Knight and the officiating minister, the Rev. H. H. Shell, were at Bainbridge, Ga.; the lieutenant at Hoboken.

The two had been engaged some time. The young officer had been in the Philippines, and when he reached New York he was ordered to proceed to France. He wired his sweetheart in Georgia to meet him in New York, but her parents would not consent. So she went to Bainbridge, where a lawyer told her that a marriage by long distance telephone would be legal. The minister took the young man's vows over the phone and repeated the young woman's vows to him.

GREATEST STAMP AUCTION.

When a postage stamp which was sold by the Government for 15 cents in 1869 brings \$4,100 half a century later, at a time when the world is at war, and when the cost of living has mounted so alarm-

ingly as to affect the legislation of a nation, it is no wonder that the general public has begun to evince an awakened interest in philately.

Stamps, like the World Series baseball contests in St. Louis, are getting rare—if they are United States stamps of early printing. If these statements are questioned, confirmation may be found through an examination of the prices brought at the recent auction, held in New York, of some of the postal labels which made up the million-dollar collection formerly owned by George H. Worthington, Cleveland capitalists. In that sale, attracting wealthy philatelists from all parts of the country, were 3,160 items, or lots of stamps, most of the items consisting of only a single stamp. Those 3,160 items brought \$120,891.25, or an average of about \$38.25 an item.

WHAT A MAN CAN DO WITHOUT HANDS.

What would you do if, instead of hands, you had two scarred stubs terminating half-way between the elbows and the place where hands ought to be? What you might do, if you had the courage and persistence, is demonstrated in the case of Joe Glasgow, a teamster and all-around handy man employed by the city of Venice, California. When you see this man sauntering into the city yards after lunch, with the air of one well satisfied with life, it is hard to realize his affliction, says *Popular Mechanics*.

Seven years ago Glasgow, possessed of two good hands, was working as a fireman on a railroad in Michigan. One day there was a collision. The engineer was killed. Glasgow was taken to the hospital, and when he regained consciousness he found that both hands were gone. After leaving the hospital he took up what seemed, for him, the only occupation left, and for two years he stood on the street corners and begged. The occupation paid well, but did not satisfy him. He wanted the standing among men that he had had before his accident, and he started in learning to work with his stubs.

Now he holds down a job as a teamster, and holds it down so well that a recent attempt to oust him from the city's service, in order to provide a man with two hands and a motor truck, failed. He harnesses and drives his own horse, doing all the loading and unloading without help. When the teaming work is dull he works with shovel or saw, or at some of the numerous odd jobs to be done about the city yards. When pay-day comes he writes his name on the back of his check legibly and easily. Once a week he writes "with his own hand" a letter to his mother, whom he supports. He fills and lights his pipe and takes money out of his pocket as readily as do men with two hands. He does these things without hooks or other mechanical aids.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

A perfect little bank, handsomely nickel plated. Holds just five dollars (50 dimes). It cannot be opened until the bank is full, when it can be readily emptied and relocked, ready to be again refilled. Every parent should see that their children have a small savings bank, as the early habit of saving their dimes is of the greatest importance. It is formed in early life are seldom forgotten in later years. Price of this little bank, 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.



The Bottle Imp.—The peculiarity of this little bottle is that it cannot be made to lie down, and yet by simply passing the hand over it, the performer causes it to do so. This trick affords great amusement, and is of a size to carry about. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR 150 W. 62d St., New York City.



JUMPING CARD.—A pretty little trick, easy to perform. Effect: A selected card returned to the deck jumps high into the air at the performer's command. Pack is held in one hand. Price of apparatus, with enough cards to perform the trick, 10c.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

THE TANTALIZER PUZZLE.

Consists of one horizontal and one perpendicular piece of highly polished metal bent in such a manner that when assembled it seems utterly impossible to get them apart, but by following the directions it is very easily accomplished. This one is a brain twister. Price 10c. by mail, postpaid, with directions.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

SECO SPARKLER.



Hold discs in each hand and twist the strings by swinging the toy around and around about 30 times. Then move the hands apart, pulling on the discs and causing the strings to untwist. This will rotate the wheel and cause the sparks to fly. The continued rotation of the wheel will again twist the strings. When this twisting commences slacken the strings slightly until they are full twisted, then pull. Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

LUCKY PENNY POCKET PIECE.



This handsome pocket piece is made of aluminum, resembling somewhat in size and appearance a silver dollar. In the center of the pocket piece is a new one-cent U. S. coin. Inserted in such a way that it cannot be removed. (U. S. laws prevent our showing this coin in engraving). On one side of the pocket piece are the words, "Lucky penny pocket piece, I bring good luck," and the design of a horseshoe. On the opposite side, "I am a mascot." "Keep me and never go away," and two sprigs of four-leafed clover. These handsome pocket pieces are believed to be harbingers of good luck. Price 12 cents; 3 for 30 cents; by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d Street, N. Y.



STAR AND CRESCENT PUZZLE.

The puzzle is to separate the one star from the linked star and crescent without using force. Price, 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MYSTERIOUS PLATE LIFTER.

Made of fine rubber, with bulb on one end and inflator at other. Place it under a table cover, under plate or glass, and bulb is pressed underneath, object rises mysteriously; 40 inches long. Price 25c., postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

CACHOO AND ITCH POWDER.

As Itch powder, Cachoo and Bombs are unavailable, we cannot accept orders for less than One Dollar's worth of an assortment. They can be sent by express only, on which we will prepay the charges.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

GREAT BURGLAR PUZZLE.



The latest and most fascinating puzzle ever placed on the market. Patented May 30. It consists of four revolving dials, each dial containing 16 figures, 64 figures in all. To open the safe these dials must be turned around until the figures in each of the 16 columns added together total 40. The puzzle is made on the plan of the combination lock on the large iron safes that open on a combination of figures. Persons have been known to sit up all night, so interested have they become trying to get each column to total 40. In this fascinating puzzle. With the printed key which we send with each puzzle the figures can be set in a few minutes so as to total 40 in each column.

Price 15 cents; mailed, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

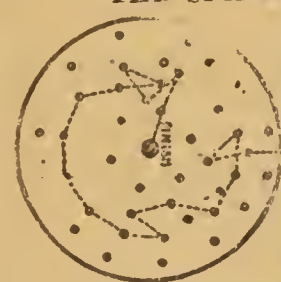


GOOD LUCK BANKS.

Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nicked brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE SPIDER WEB PUZZLE.



A very interesting little puzzle. It consists of a heavily nicked plate and brass ring. The object is to get the ring from the side to the center and back. This is very hard, but we give directions making it easy. Price, 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

SCIENTIFIC MIND READING.



Wonderful! Startling! Scientific! You hand a friend a handsome set of cards on which are printed the names of the 28 United States Presidents. Ask him to secretly select a name and hold the card to his forehead and think of the name. Like a flash comes the answer "Lincoln, Washington," or whatever name he is thinking of. The more you repeat it the more puzzling it becomes. With our outfit you can do it anywhere, any time, with anybody. Startle your friends. Do it at the next party or at your club and be the lion of the evening. This was invented by a famous magician.

Price, with complete set of cards and full instructions, 12 cents, mailed, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

\$ 2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old Coins. Keep ALL money dated before 1895 and send Ten cents for New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4x7. It may mean your Fortune. CLARK COIN Co., Box 95, Le Roy, N. Y.



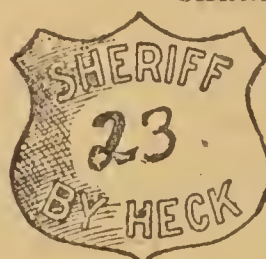
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With this badge attached to your coat or vest you can show the boys that you are a sheriff, and if they don't behave themselves you might lock them up. It is a beautiful nickel-plated badge, 2 1/4 by 2 1/4 inches in size, with the words "Sheriff 23. By Heck"

in nickel letters on the face of it, with a pin on the back for attaching it to your clothing. Send for one and have some fun with the boys.

Price 15 cents, or 3 for 40 cents; sent by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card. Recommended very highly. Price 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

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From five cards three are mentally selected by any one, placed under an ordinary handkerchief, performer withdraws two cards, the ones not selected; the performer invites any one to remove the other two, and to the great astonishment of all they have actually disappeared. No sleight-of-hand. Recommended as the most ingenious card trick ever invented. Price 10c. by mail.

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This is the funniest trick ever exhibited and always produces roars of laughter. The performer says to the audience that he requires some eggs for one of his experiments. As no spectator carries any, he calls his assistant, taps him on top of the head, he gags, and an egg comes out of his mouth. This is repeated until six eggs are produced. It is an easy trick to perform, once you know how, and always makes a hit. Directions given for working it. Price, 25 cents by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE WAR FOUNTAIN PEN.



A very handsome fountain pen case to which is attached a pocket holder neatly made of metal and highly nickel-plated. When your friend desires the use of your pen and gets it, he is very much astonished when he removes the cap by the sudden and loud noise of the explosion that occurs, and yet a little paper cap does it all. Price, 35c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

JITNEY BUS GAME.



A circular metal box with a glass top. Inside is a tiny garage fixed at one side and a loose traveling little Ford. It requires an expert to get the swiftly moving auto into the garage. This one grabs your interest, holds it, and almost makes you

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ROUGH RIDER DISC PISTOL.



Made of nicely colored wood 5½ inches long. The power is furnished by rubber bands. Ten discs of cardboard with each pistol. Price, 6c, each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

FORTUNE TELLING CARDS.

The most comical fortune telling cards ever issued. Every one a joke that will arouse screams of laughter. They are shuffled, and one is drawn—red for ladies, white for gentlemen. On the drawn card is a mirth-provoking picture, and a few words revealing your fortune. Price 5c., sent by mail, postpaid.

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THE KAZOO.



Made in the exact shape of a submarine. With this comical little instrument you can give a bride and groom one of the finest serenades they ever received. Or, if you wish to use it as a ventriloquist, you will so completely change your voice that your best friend will not recognize it. Price, 12c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

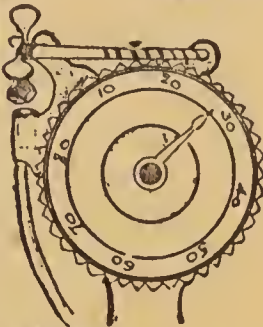
MAGIC LINK PUZZLE.



A number of rings. The scheme is to link them together just exactly the same way magicians link their hoops. It looks dead easy. But we defy anybody to do it unless they know the secret. Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

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THE LUNG TESTER.



We have here one of the greatest little novelties ever produced. With this instrument you can absolutely test the strength of your lungs. It has an indicator which clearly shows you the number of pounds you can blow. Lots of fun testing your lungs. Get one and see what a good blower you are. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.

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THE RUBBER DAGGER.



On account of the war we have substituted this novelty for the Magic Dagger. It is eight inches in length, made to look exactly like a steel weapon and would deceive almost anybody at whom you might thrust it. But as the blade is made of rubber, it can do no injury. Price 15c, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre Street, Brooklyn, New York.

TWO-CARD MONTE.



This famous trick gets them all. You pick up a card and when you look at it you find you haven't got the card you thought you had.

Price 10c, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

MAGIC PENCILS.

The working of this trick is very easy, most startling and mystifying. Give the case and three pencils to any one in your audience with instructions to place any pencil in the case point upward and to close case and put the remaining two pencils in his pocket. You now take the case with the pencil in it and can tell what color it is. Directions how to work the trick with each set.

Price 25 cts. each by mail, postpaid. Wolff Novelty Co., 168 W. 23d St., N. Y.

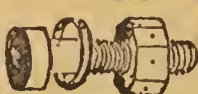
THE HELLO PUZZLE.



Can you get the ring off? This puzzle is the latest creation of Yankee ingenuity. Apparently it is the easiest thing in the world to remove the ring from the block, but it takes hours of study to discover the trick, unless you know how it is done. Price by mail, postpaid, 10c.; 3 for 25c.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

NUT AND BOLT PUZZLE.



A very ingenious puzzle, consisting of a nut and bolt with a ring fastened on the shank, which cannot be removed unless the nut is removed. The question is how to remove the nut. Price, 15c, by mail, postpaid.

FRANK SMITH, 383 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

IMITATION CUT FINGER.



A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the slide and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price 10c. each, postpaid.

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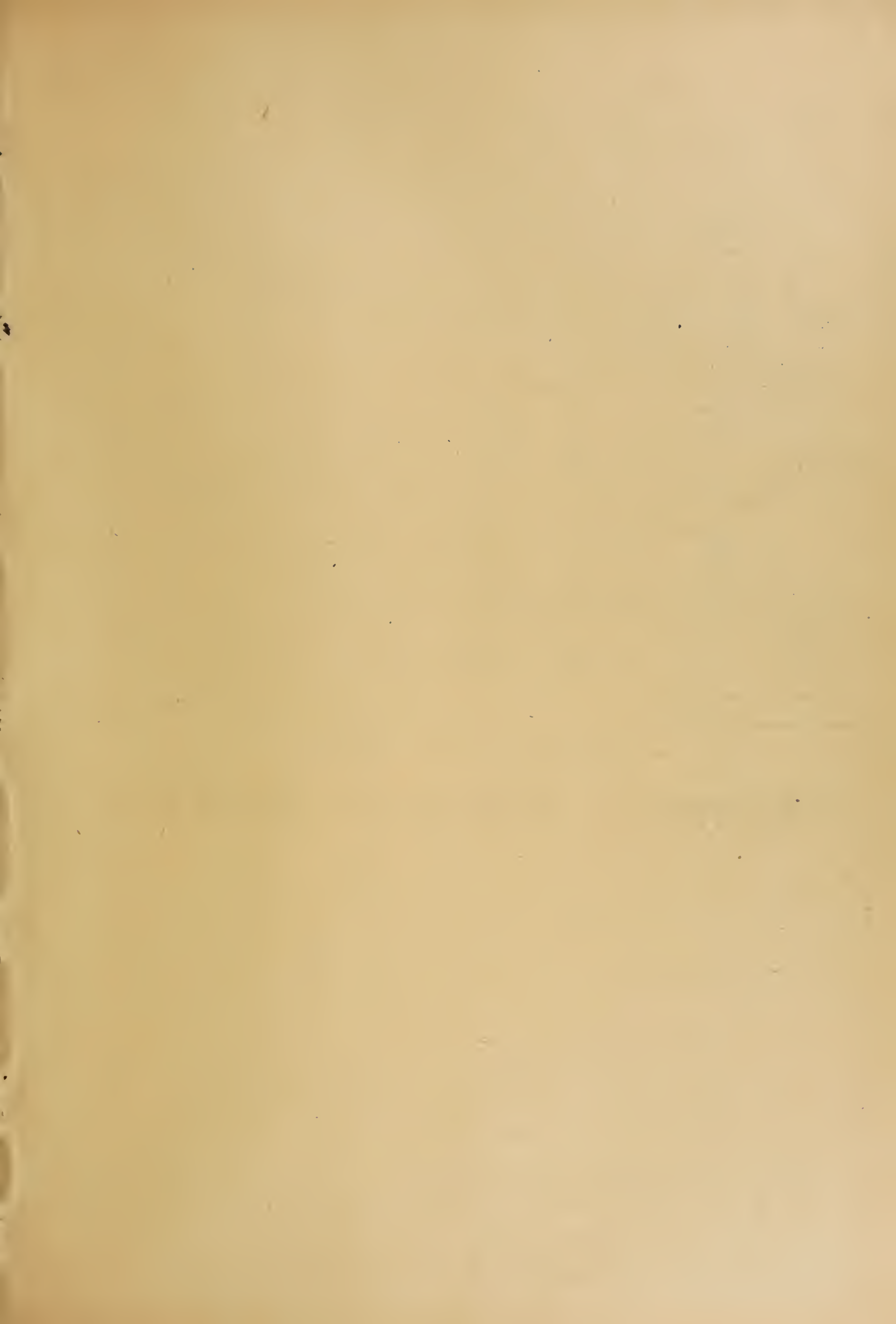
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